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# RUDE VEINS

OF A

POETIC CONFORMATION.

THE HEAVENS.

2405.15

To Chimborazo's summit, high, he clomb;  
And thought—how small earth look from skyey dome.

NEW-YORK:

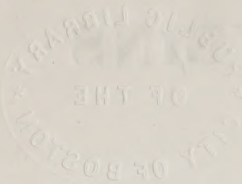
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AC VIRTUTIS ATQUE ILLAS EXORNANTIS PRÆCIPUE PIETATIS.

These rude veins are with deep deference inscribed: having for their drift, to vindicate the Freedom of the individual Man; and his capacity, and duty, to maintain it. The Freedom of a Community is made up of the freedom of its individual members. The Freedom of the Individual consists in maintaining the dominion of Piety and Reason within himself; and, by inculcation, in his children. There is a Freedom towards God, and a Freedom towards man;—both of them to be asserted in their integrity. To purify this Freedom, then, from long accumulating shadows; and place it, in our own consciousness, on its true and immutable foundations; should strengthen for upholding it in perpetuity.





## P R E F A C E .

IT is the province of Poetry, to attract, or arouse the soul from lethargic habits this life too aptly imposes : and lead, or follow it, on its pure native aspirations. It must be in harmony with Truth, Nature, Reality ; that constitute its domain, and limits : an elastic spirit should ever pervade it. Regulate thus, it may delineate every healthful natural impulse of our compound Being—truly, with force, and without fear. It may enter on the field of Discovery ; it may invade, and faithfully report from regions impervious to the staid march of Prose : regions where flourish the flowers and fruit of Truth ;—whose stalk roots, for man, in the effervescing elements of earth ;—elements which are ourselves—that is around us—that we have acquired—that comes to us by Revelation. Such materials of knowledge we have, enter rightfully into its composition : they form our experience ; are deeply engrafted in, and modify our Being—that is the subject in action.

There is a Poetry of Language—which is the harmony of sounds : there is a Poetry of Fancy—beautiful oft ; but oft,

too, ephemeral halo: There is a Poetry of Thought—which is in the pervading sentiment:—which penetrates the nature of things; and ranges, connectedly, through the dim scope lying between the Finite and the Infinite. Our knowledge lies in the former; but is ever stretching away from this into the illimitable field we recognise beyond; and, for its vastness, term the Infinite. In this lies the Harvest-field of advancing Generations.

How far we make approach to this character of true Poetry in these pages—is more doubtful, than that they contain many, many imperfections.

## THE A R G U M E N T .

The Universe.—The Sphere of Man's abode.—Man constituted.—The conditions on which he ushered to existence.—His destiny as depending on himself.—The PHENOMENA—developing of need from such constitution, tenor, and sphere of existence.—The love of God towards his creatures.—The aid He gives them in their struggles.—The timely renewals of light, when mankind in their utmost debasement.—Such form the themes of the volume; relieved, as fitting, by references to History.

The full renewed Revelation of the Deity, in his compassionate and endearing relations, is hinted at,—to be more fully developed, may be, hereafter.





# THE HEAVENS.

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## CANTO I.

The Universe sent forth in Embryo, having a Principle of Organisation.  
The Deity acknowledged—worshipped. The Earth—Digressions—  
Creation begins.

WHAT now surrounds, and buoys the venturous thought  
That traverses the dim Primeval air !  
Space, with no uttered limits,—filled with—Nought :  
But through pervades a Fluid, subtle, rare,  
Eternally divisible ; and Law,  
Or Laws, imprest, shall in due time prepare  
A Universe :—that visible, with awe,  
To Eye, against its fitness well endued  
To scan,—and then impart the thing it saw  
To Faculties :—by which, in time, subdued  
To meaning ! Sways Intelligence ; a Mind :  
Creating first the Substance ; thence imbued  
By it with Principles, to mould, and find  
Its Destiny Intelligent ; each part  
Or Atom Finitesimal :—and bind,  
Or separate ; commingle, or depart  
On Track diverse ; coagulate, or spread  
For days, or ages ; System form with Heart,

Or Centre, ruling, fixing Paths to tread  
     Around ; the seeming devious, for a while,  
     For each :—or Masses in some Bond are wed,  
 Yet separate still ; combining for a mile,  
     Or moment ; Age, or seeming endless orb :  
     Girt round, each one, with atmosphere, or guile  
 Its own ; some lambent Spirit, by which resorb  
     The System, might the Prime Intelligence  
     That doth send forth, combine, and may absorb !  
 Yea, see it acting now,—with diligence !  
     Oh ! God ; thine Earthly creatures worship thee,  
     Bowing to thy Earth with reverence :  
 See Earth, oh ! desecrated Earth, in Sea  
     Of wide Infinitude, revolving on :  
     See starry orbs that follow ; or through lea  
 Commensurate, no Finitude may con,  
     Wind on, to deck our Prospect, shed our light ;  
     And milder, Earth, for sleep, effulgence don !  
 These all, and we, are offspring of thy Might ;  
     With sparkling of thy nature we endowed,—  
     Intelligent ; and gift with mental sight.  
 Infinite thou ; Infinitude thy shroud ;  
     Sending forth all ; the space thy attribute !—  
     Yea, see the Earth, creating ; see the cloud  
 That hangs condensed, condensing ; and compute,  
     What portion of Infinity may pass,  
     Ere Nature's glowing aspect shall salute  
 Eye of Intelligence ; that yet like grass  
     Shall spring to Being, 'neath the moulding hand  
     Of th' Infinite ; a temporary glass



For soul in-breathed to gaze through at the Land  
     Spread out before ; and Heaven's eye-bounded arch !—  
     What is thy answer then ? why thus dost stand,  
 Oh ! man, that see'st the nightly starry march ;  
     Nor reck'st that ought of wonderful is there ;  
     And Ruin should betide—on e'er demarch !  
 Thou speakest not, nor know'st of when, or where !—  
     Our Knowing dates from Observation, first ;  
     Recorded next ; then well considered, ere  
 Matured to very wisdom ;—slaking thirst  
     That feels its parchedness, and would have sip ;—  
     Of what ?—what craves the soul, or now, or erst,  
 Or still, sweet satisfaction give the slip ?—  
     Taste of th' Immortal,—something yet beyond  
     The sight ; or Reason's range—stretched to their tip.  
 Slow wastes, tho, th' Infinite fraction, and respond  
     Harmonious changes, and developments ;  
     Spoken to life by Word ; held then by Bond,  
 Coevally imprest on th' Elements,  
     Of laws, or form, by which to coalesce ;  
     Or Temperature, or other ligaments.  
 Nor these alone ; but while some acquiesce  
     And wed together, others fly apart ;  
     Or slowly settle down through each recess ;  
 Or many coarsely mingle without art,—  
     To give man's Genius scope, in after days :  
     When, lost his way, behooves to take new start.  
 Busy, thus, th' embryo world, in divers ways,  
     In its internal spheres ; nor idle yet  
     Without : onward it moves, and slowly plays

Around itself,—some comeliness to get  
     Externally. Action, or movement needs,  
     In moral, physical ; dulness will fret  
 Or clog ; or tends to sow, or ripen seeds  
     Were better crushed—or dwindle Good to tares.  
     Monotony might punish worst of deeds ;  
 Th' imprisoned wretch for life, ah ! sadly fares :  
     Movement the Beauty of the Universe !—  
     With order,—not the prey of fitful cares.  
 Such scattering thoughts may now disperse :  
     Soon, Ages born ; Earth soon may glow, and teem ;  
     Time cradle soon—and live—and then to hearse.  
 The Spirit moves : He bids the Light redeem  
     Th' abyss of Darkness : straightforth then there springs,  
     While shake the elements, th' enwrapping leme  
 From one, or each vast nucleus of things :—  
     And days began. And next, the Satellites,  
     As daylight wanes, arm with reflective wings  
 Their noon-lit rays ; or Moon dispends side-lights ;  
     Darkness, thenceforth, to hold in closer rein ;  
     And shed meet rays, for waking, sleeping rites :—  
 Each shadowy sequence, still, in th' Heavenly Vein.

## CANTO II.

The Work of Creation continues—Nature assumes her Offices—She is  
 questioned of her Author—Existences recognised in the Aether—  
 Their Discourse.

EACH shadowy sequence, ay, in th' Heavenly vein ;  
     Nor will develope, fully, in a day.  
     For ages, Darkness holds her partial reign ;

And, slowly, clears the orb's reflective ray.  
     Works the Creator on expanded scale,  
     As seems to man, and teaches man the way ;  
 Thus seen the end from first,—if looking pale :  
     Work on the means, once fully set in train ;  
     And issues Earth at last, with hill and dale ;  
 Illumined, night and day, dry land and main.  
     For, lo ! from reeking Mass, a Firmament  
     Ascends, and subtle sun-lit rays sustain ;  
 Resting on solid Earth for Pediment ;  
     Expanding softly in Etherial space :  
     Condensed the surplus wet to Element  
 May flow in streams, or fill each sunken place :—  
     To clothe with symmetry the sailing Globe ;  
     And give its movement steadiness, and grace.  
 Now, see the dry land clothe with Nature's robe  
     'Neath Sun's warm rays, and dropping atmosphere ;  
     That ransack every nook, and surface probe.  
 Puts forth nutritious plant, and grassy spear ;  
     The blossom opes, and tinted flower expands ;  
     And lofty arbs their foliant arms uprear.  
 The ocean-depth with purling brook in-bands,  
     That, in its turn, speeds back through river's flow ;  
     The Mountain lifts its brow above the lands  
 And gathers majesty, to shed below,—  
     When rise Conceit to take it in in thought,—  
     And make a starting point High-Heaven to know.  
 The Cloud, that slowly breeds from seeming nought,  
     Essays on infant flight ; and stretches wing,  
     To lead in train, variety of ought ;

Or intercepting screen may softly fling,  
     At noon, from high careering sun's fierce rays ;  
     And shady patches round the landscape string.  
 But how, depict the stores of Nature's ways  
     That date and issue forth, on Fiat said !—  
     Nor more than prelude these,—to that yet stays.  
 Oh ! Nature, let me drink, and on me shed  
     Thy genial, swiftly impregnating impellent ;  
     Teach me, whose Utterance thyself forth sped,  
 And in thy multitude of voices wellent ;  
     Tell me, may there yet be what I not see ?  
     That lives, and in th' Invisible is dwellent,  
 And yet is known—by who, yet, knowing flee !  
     Lo ! what now breaks upon the veiled sight  
     Indeed, but veiled not Consciousness—that's Free ;  
 That travels backward, onward, deftly light ;  
     Nor fears to make assault on shrouding dark ;  
     And feels, takes in, and knows,—through curtained  
         night !  
 It is, communings of High Counsel. Hark !  
     Voices of sweetness th' ambient Aether fill ;  
     Or one, or more, responsive, will remark,  
 And then, in thoughtful pauses, all is still.  
     Yea, the High Wisdom, stooping, condescends  
     To list to argument on Moral Will.  
 “ Oh ! Friends, what doubt is this, that Terror sends  
     Through Bosoms lit with Empyrean Fire ;  
     Dwelling in Presence peacefulness dispends  
 Unceasingly ! Why tristful, sad attire  
     Now clothe the wonted calm and radiant look ;  
     And droop ethereal form that never tire.

Heard ye not now, the Gracious Purpose took  
     All Heaven with wrapt surprise ; and waked a joy  
     Thrilling through wide expanse, and sentient nook  
 In Bosom—where Soul nestles, to employ  
     Itself in contemplation of the Wise,—  
     Including love,—working without alloy !  
 In Him, our trust repose ; and thoughts arise  
     But to be baffled, questioning propose  
     Touching aught effluent, in any guise,  
 From thence.” Thus spake, and ceased, and murmur rose  
     Of swift accordance—struck in brightness back.  
     The native calmness now succeeds the throes  
 So strangely moved, and made a wild attack  
     In those Blest Regions. Not the sentiment  
     Tho merged ; nor in Ethereal natures lack  
 Of sensibility,—keen element  
     That deep pervades, ferments, like leavening yeast,  
     Where Goodness dwells—if woes give aliment,—  
 Even in apprehension : as now attest  
     The sober looks around that circle girt ;  
     And musing too, and heaviness confest ;  
 Nay, now again breaks forth,—nor stays inert.  
     “ How new, this weighing Broodiness, that sits  
     Where wont to sparkle gaiety alert !  
 Drooping in lineaments scarce intermits,  
     Where joy habitual dwelt, in depths serene !  
     Strange spectacle ! and counter-plea befits.  
 What place assign ye, then, in such-like scene  
     To the unfaltering Goodness ? will ye deem,  
     It flickers ? or that aught may contravene



Its effluence, or thwart its lustrous Beam ?

Or doubt ye, Wisdom be at loss, and fail

In its resources ; or its copious stream

Hath met emergency it not avail

To overpass ; knots it may not untie ;

Stout enemies before—that it will quail !—

Or curatives fail Wisdom to apply,

And obviate such obstacles it meet ;

Or may spring out of widest range ; or try

The stretch of their avail, for moment fleet,

Throughout all changing time, or circumstance ?

Oh ! no ; not here, may harbour such entreat ;

Not in our Bosoms, cherish such Romance !

Arouse ye ! friends : now, let our thoughts conflow,

And keenly bright commingling Ray enhance,—

To penetrate the skimming, just, below

Of purpose deep in th' Heavenly Bosom dwells.

And Heaven incites us on to seek to know.”

He spake ; while gentle agitation swells

Th' ethereal form, and gathers fresher zeal

Th' expression, and respectful heed compels

Through all their sadness ;—seeming to congeal

The freshness of their usual buoyancy,

And shut it down, beneath some weighty seal.

Now, for brief interval, expectancy.

## CANTO III.

The Spirits continue their discourse—Seeming to be of a saddening cast.  
Presentiment awake there. They conjecture respecting some Purpose  
of the Supreme Intelligence.

Now, for brief interval, expectancy ;  
And casual glancings, still somewhat demure,  
Depression cloaking their full brilliancy.  
Then, accents mild, and tremulous, allure,  
Perforce, each gentle Soul from its own care.  
“Ye heard the truthful words, were meant to cure  
The shade of thoughtful gloominess, so rare  
In these abodes, o’er all our looks was cast ;  
Hearkening to intimation, now prepare,  
And soon develope will, and onward fast  
Pro-gress, Existences of World, and Soul ;  
And strange vicissitudes in chequered contrast :  
Commingle transitory joy, and dole ;  
Struggling of dark, and light, alternate crowned ;  
Forces conflicting for Supreme control ;  
Unchained Destruction roaming all around :  
Unutterable scenes in some new sphere ;  
Nay, inconceivable, will there abound.  
Strange is it then, some sadness should be here ;  
And wonder should impose its spelling yoke ;  
Nay, some confoundedness will interfere  
And throw o’er pure conceptions shrouding cloak,  
While first amazement overtakes our sense.  
That sadness ’twas, tho, sympathy awoke ;

That needs no teaching :—native effluence,  
 And darts with swift attraction where there's wo ;  
 Or means of Good yield not their competence.

Such movement needs not to restrain, oh ! no ;  
 A native impulse, deep within implant,  
 Its yielding gentleness ; but hastes to go

More actively to work ; perambulant  
 Afar and wide—soon as the force will act ;—  
 That seeming shadowy, yet predominant.

E'en now, but vaguely we surmise the fact,  
 And can by contraries but speculate ;  
 Yet Sympathy, with subtleness, and tact,

See it imbue all lineaments sedate !  
 Yea, there is somewhat here may well enlist  
 Conjecture wondering ; and Reason fascinate,

To search the meaning, Purpose, there consist.  
 Oh ! what, and whither, may High Counsels tend,  
 That, yet, foreshadow melancholy, trist ! ”

Here ceased the voice, tho seeming not at end  
 Of crowding thoughts, or not yet ripe  
 For utterance ; or rising feelings blend

In multitude to choke the vocal pipe.  
 A pause ensues : perchance, they feel on brink  
 Of brooding change. Presentiment is type

Of some unfashioned Ill ; and makes us shrink ;  
 Nay, troubles more the doubtful Prestige, oft,  
 Than worst confirmed foreboding,—as we think

Of all the hatching ills o'erhang aloft,  
 And may rush on us in a sweeping haste.  
 But now, a soothing voice, and accents soft

And musical are heard, that give foretaste  
 Of healing comfort will forth-ooze, and drop  
 In gentleness ; recruiting sweetness waste.  
 “ Oh, ye pure Spirits, let such frettings stop ;  
 Nor more unhinge, or ruffle your serenity ;  
 Aught sad, if bode, the Good will overtop,  
 We know ; or error crushed, or cured, with lenity.  
 Sadness should still frequent in these abodes,  
 Or sympathy extinct, curtailed amenity :  
 Such of existence necessary codes.  
 The Spirit fluctuates through wide degrees ;  
 Some light, and some, comparatively, loads ;  
 Sweetest the nectar resting on the leas ;  
 Filtrates the very fine, to superfine ;  
 Virtue will not maintain in slothful ease.  
 If, then, some Purpose holds the thought Divine  
 To usher new Existences a field,  
 Not strange to me, would seem, if trace or line  
 Of sadness, intermingling in the yield.”  
 Here sunk the voice, or takes a thoughtful rest,  
 While wakening interest on each look revealed ;  
 As, now, the still expectancy attest  
 Until resumes. “ Oh ! what, and where begin  
 To trace the effluence, that springs from Breast  
 Is animate with consciousness ! how spin  
 The filmy thread, and intricate curve,  
 That yet shall spread, and dangle, in the thin  
 And vasty area of Future ; swerve  
 With every breeze of impulse ; for a while  
 At least, or till, if so it may, it nerve

And animate some fixed Conceit,—to pile  
 Conforming superstructure on its base !—  
 Of right, or wrong ; of innocence, or guile.  
 Ah ! Spirit once detached from its own place  
 Where knowledge Infinite will guide, constrain :  
 Entrusted to an unformed, untried race,  
 What lessons need ! what patience, love, to train ! ”

## CANTO IV.

The Spirit continues—with some interruptions—He begins to treat of  
 Phenomena.

“ WHAT lessons need ; what patience, love, to train !  
 Too oft, what error, suffering, must prelude,  
 Ere it the needful resolution gain,  
 And skill, to guard its pure beatitude.  
 Once, soul infused in Being of new mould,  
 It lives and acts, in fullest plenitude ;  
 Subject to Law ; yet yields, or may withhold  
 Its homage—for such space will indicate  
 The ultimate conclusion ;—young, or old ;  
 As varying circumstance may dictate.  
 Oh ! how the lothful thoughts discursive range ;  
 And shrink to draw more near the brink of Fate !  
 Forces that animate, nor cease, nor change  
 Their steady impulse ; yet resistance meet,  
 External, or reciprocal ; derange  
 At length somewhere, conflicting ; or compete  
 In their attraction, to divert away  
 From rightful course, confusing ; or concrete,



And self-arrest at some conjuncture, stay."

Thus, oft, the swarthy diggers, deep below

Earth's disk, whose stalwart arms alternate play

Circling on high, and deal the rugged blow,

Driving the stealthy shaft to reach some hoard

Of hidden wealth ; and drain the oozing flow ;

And now, on some rude cleft as well-nigh scored

Th' allotted stretch, (such science will allot),

Of sudden strike, and ken therewith is floored

The prize they seek,—itself the treasure not ;

Some neutral non-descript ; or paralysed

Conjunction of the Forces in a knot,

As seems, that change had formerly devised,

But stopt in very act, self-poised, or spent ;

And made non-composite,—from Laws disguised.

"Forces, I say, once loosed and outward sent,

Fulfil their competency, and return,

Or were writ down their doings,—as they went.

Entrusted with some latitude, they learn

To wield, somehow, th' inherent impetus ;

And point its energy to somewhat earn

Of Good,—enriching, and felicitous ;

Or may, alike, let it degenerate ;

Or wayward yield to all solicitous

To occupy, improve, or enervate.

The sentient Being, trusted with command

Of independent energies, innate ;

Implicitly obeying ; still at hand,

And quick responding, thought-like prompt and swift

When Will confirm, and shake approving wand ;—

The question is, and here behold the drift  
 Of all our cares ;" (such puzzling case confounds  
 Man's penetration, to resolve, or sift  
 The unborn act from tendency abounds  
 To action ; following't to the full reapt shock,  
 And threshing floor, and sturdy flail that pounds  
 The chaffy straw ; and proves in fine the stock ;)

"The question is, whither that Being lean ?  
 May it fulfil High Destiny ? or mock  
 Beneficence creating ; and demean  
 With profligacy—chaos hatching dire ;  
 To propagate, thenceforth, a spawn unclean.

Oh ! ye pure Spirits, such surmisings tire !  
 Nor yet, relieve the Heaviness that rests  
 Upon ye ! Yet, th' occasions such conspire  
 To breed,—and dark Presentiment attests  
 Within each Bosom. Let us, then, advance  
 To probe this lowering cloud ; that so infests  
 Our wonted peace. Behooves, then, swiftly glance  
 Through all the field, and analyse, and fix  
 In thought, such driving forces look askance ;  
 Or those move straightly on ; nor they commix,  
 Nor will in combat join—save indirect ;—  
 Series of skirmishes, endless, prolix.

Those rush ahead, then pause, and now deflect,  
 Seeing th' opposing compact columns speed  
 To rescue, or their movement intersect.

It seems, they seek to thwart each other, lead  
 Each one the field ; contending both for prize :  
 Or, to possess, will even stoop to plead.

Discern ye difference, in any wise,  
 Pure Spirits, in the look, intent of these ?  
 More quickly, sympathy, feel ye it rise  
 Towards the one ; that triumphing would please !  
 And spread sweet satisfaction through your frame ?—  
 Elastic, and communes with soul with ease :  
 I doubt ye not ; and haste to give them name  
 That answers to th' impression from their look.  
 The first, with motley banners, all the same  
 In fact, is Evil : with blear in eye, or crook  
 That leads transversally, and much awry.  
 Lowest degrees in moral scale she took  
 When first-create conception sought to try,  
 In thought, how low the Moral could descend ;  
 And went so low it lost the upper sky :  
 Now, seeks such consolation may attend  
 Forlorn and wo-begone estate down there,  
 With blowing lusory bubbles shall ascend,  
 And give a gay report of nether air."

## CANTO V.

The Spirit concludes—Impression made by him—Presentiment more earnestly at work—Another Spirit speaks—He takes a comprehensive view—They seem not without a Past, and History—Discursive interruption.

"SUCH, giving gay report of nether air,  
 Attract the frivolous, or needless, down :  
 See them now palter, and obliquely stare !  
 Sad, miserable ; discontent and frown  
 Depict in looks, though haggard laugh burst out ;  
 And jeer and scoff the flaunting picture crown ;

Or sullenness, apart, in stealth, may pout :  
     But all rush on, new comrades to entice ;  
     Or put opposing Hosts of Good to rout :  
 For such they termed, who virtue court, shun vice.  
     Goodness, is to maintain the instincts pure,  
     And fill with lively act their stretch precise :  
 With hardiness against enticements dure,  
     Such shown above ; both secondary, prime ;  
     That alway lay before the actor lure.  
 Whoe'er endowed to act, must feel, betime,  
     Enticement ; or a tempting of some sort ;  
     Or paltering,—in every place, or clime.  
 Being of Power, and Will, may do the tort ;  
     Then tort will take so variously shape,  
     And by such slight degrees—that scarce assort !  
 And so ingenious, Good, and very best to ape ;  
     That if discrimination, in the least, relax,  
     Indeed, it seems a wonder to escape.  
 Short of Omniscience, then, ye see the tax  
     On keenest Faculties It may appoint.  
     Thus may our sadness cease, or wonder wax  
 To overspread it to a combering point,—  
     That, still, Omniscience should devise some plot :  
     And new Existences—therewith conjoint !”  
 That voice, wrapt spirits, roused, perceive it not ;  
     Nor longer holds it them, with magic spell ;  
     And when it came to end, they scarcely wot.  
 Involved they seem in, winding through dark dell  
     Of thought,—or threading labyrinth, full deep  
     And intricate,—including Heaven, and Hell

Men know ; such word, or meaning it may keep,  
 Albeit hid from them,—nor they may fathom, yet.  
 Presentiment tho grows ; and drives to weep  
 The gentler, less acquaint in mazy net  
 Of moral things, for rising shadowy ill  
 That spreads,—nor knows their apprehension let ;  
 That just discerns, and wails the misery still.  
 But others turn it, mentally, within ;  
 And each indents with some peculiar drill ;  
 To strike the light from out, or let it in.  
 And, now, a voice sonorous, full, and grave ;  
 And seeming old, if divers age there been ;  
 Without to ask, will all attention crave.  
 “If on this calm, contemplative estate,  
 The Infinite hath purposed in conclave  
 Shall dawn some novel drama, soon, or late ;  
 Beginning, and to end ; experiment,  
 Or Project, limited by Birth and date ;  
 A chapter in the endless series meant  
 To picture of Infinity the scope, ·  
 And occupy Intelligences sent  
 Forth at intervals, scope, their’s, infant ope ;  
 Such might we deem, in truth, fully concur  
 With past revealings ; such they bid us hope :  
 That is, they will impel us to infer :—  
 Nay, the deep Past to consciousness presents.  
 Whence do we spring ourselves ? and how confer  
 On these High Themes ; conjecture the intents  
 Still in abeyance, alway, still, unfold ;  
 Partaking, or of th’ Infinite contents ;

Nor, yet, the less, will th' Infinite in-hold :  
     These, just, before Conceits create displayed ;  
     Made manifest in part, with outlines bold,  
 Before Intelligences first arrayed ;—  
     As means to help Infinity espy !”  
     Omniscience is ; the Great I Am ; portrayed  
 On scale of vastness baffles finite eye,  
     And comprehension of an opening ken ;  
     Yet, with surpassing wisdom, gift to try !—  
 How may the Finite recognise it then,  
     If such pronounced imperfect, tedious mode ?  
     Farewell, but thus ; oh ! welcome thus ; Amen !  
 Here, not to know ; but is—to know—the road ;  
     Nor Reason, Fancy's stretch admits of more.  
     Omniscience sole contrived who thus have strode ;  
 With Promptings—push us on to such deep lore.  
     Deem ye it not Problem to solve complex,  
     Even for Omniscience with redundant store  
 Of all expedients, how, to its next  
     In order even, Highest of the series  
     Might spring to Being by the Fiat Text ;  
 Composing the interminable congeries ;  
     How, arm with wings to mount such toppling height  
     Mocking the vanity of eagle's aeries !  
 In fine, how constitute the Finite Wight  
     Might even Omniscience, to itself discern ;  
     That it impart its own existence might !—  
 Here, then, oh ! skeptic man, turn here—to learn !



## CANTO VI.

The discursive continues—The Speaker resumes—recurrence to their  
Past—Prayer—It is answered—The range of Heavenly Interposition.

HERE then, oh ! skeptic man ; turn here, and learn

A Lesson of Humility ; or teach

Thy Fellow,—why such Faculties, that yearn

Unceasingly ; that drive us on to reach,

Pry after knowledge of the hidden source

Of all exists ; infused in all, and each

Life animates, and runs this earthly course !

Why wert thyself spurred on, tho to reject

With foiled Ambition, or divert by force

Of sense, or baubles thickly intersect

The flight of lofty aspirations—lead

With a native impulse to inquire, reflect,

What were the world ; and life : and plead

In depths of soul ; and urge, and urge us on

To probe the elements, and mind ; to breed

The wild conjecture ; theorise upon

The fact is gained ; and draw a perfect scheme

At last,—for waning life departs anon !

Or difficulty wilt confess, extreme,

That Finite gain, Omniscience may impart

To Finite, fact, It is,—and acts supreme ;

Creates, created it ; is end and heart

Of all ; knowing no end ; filling all space ;

Beginning is,—contains the whole, from start.

“ Thus see ye, Spirits, vainly we would trace,

And here the bliss of our Existence lies,

His manifold outgoings in their place,

Or scope, or boundary—that each implies :  
     But in our sweet existence ever find  
     The pledge, and consciousness—Good never dies :  
 And, Grieving, if, as now, of any kind,  
     Or some quite indefinable regret  
     Spring up, insensibly, within the mind,  
 It is a pain of Ignorance, as yet ;  
     Vague apprehension that we inly feel ;  
     Foreboding,—lest some peril may beset  
 Existences forthcoming ; lest they reel  
     In their allegiance ; wander through the vast  
     Unfathomed moral scale of wo and weal !  
 Trembling takes hold on us ; some dread forecast ;  
     A cognizant discernment of career  
     With danger fraught,—and retrospect of Past  
 Recals—to rouse the energy of Fear !—  
     Fearful the struggle in the untried Breast !  
     Contemplating, Gigantic spectres rear  
 Their frowning aspects, shake the hissing crest !  
     Ah ! me, forbear ; avert yon dreaded train :  
     Let them no more invade this Sacred Rest !  
 Oh ! thou, Father Omnipotent, we fain  
     Will fly to thee ; encircle us thine arm ;  
     Assure our trembling spirits ; nerve each strain  
 Puts forth the conscious instinct in alarm !  
     Oh ! thou, Omniscient ; and dost all embrace ;  
     Keep in the hollow of thy hand from harm :  
 Science may we partake to keep this race ;  
     Discern the scope and train of every act ;  
     Maintain resolve immoveably in place :

Oh ! thou, that hold'st all Being 'neath thy tact ;  
 Breathe on us now, and touch us, that we stand !"  
 And lo ! there steals a soothing Balm, in fact,  
 Through th' agitated Bosoms ; healing, bland,  
 Swiftly allaying the distempered fears  
 So shook their spirits sensitive.—Thus hand  
 Will touch the deep-toned Lyre, and Tempest clears  
 A way of Passion ; thought aroused. But calm  
 Of Hope, and Trust, in present case appears ;  
 While love, new-wakened, will afresh embalm  
 Their souls and consciousness, in perfect peace.  
 Yet, there's a teaching, too, a touch of Palm ;  
 Or sympathy takes in a large increase  
 Of strength consolatory,—which it knows  
 To come from somewhere : nor will cease  
 Parental comforting, with this. Oh ! how it glows  
 Towards its children,—that Omniscient one ;  
 And carefully, to edge of Freedom, shows,  
 Far as will not their Independence stun  
 In action, choice, and mode of their pursuit ;  
 The means to gain the Good,—the Evil shun !  
 List, then, to pleading teachings make their suit.

## CANTO VII.

Promptings reported, from whencesoever—Comments of the Reporter.  
 Return to the Assemblage.

Hear, now, the pleading teachings will make suit ;  
 And comforting assurances that fall,  
 Impregnating, on consciousness astute ;

Such Promptings, all invisible to all,  
     Nor will expose our shame to every eye ;  
     Or meant for all, will find some vocal call :  
 As suiting well the thoughts now occupy.  
     “ Children, ye Poor, of little Faith, and weak ;  
     Why may ye not believe ? why ye not try  
 To list, and comprehend the voices speak,  
     Or utterances springing all around ;  
     Tho thence no meaning through the hearing leak !  
 That converse suits when ye together found,  
     But fails communings of your solitude.  
     One medium, out of many, sound ;  
 Will one content ye, from such plenitude !  
     Weakest is this, of all trustworthy least ;  
     And gives the false, or fair, the sifted, crude :  
 Nay ! with itself th’ impression oft deceased.  
     Derivative, its Wisdom is, at best ;  
     Imparts, not it, but knowledge of the feast  
 In-gathers soul with forces coalesced.  
     With multiple resources, ye are gift ;  
     On ye, are longings infinite impressed ;  
 Beginning with the yearning cry ye lift,  
     As dawns the infinite existence on ye.  
     Infinite objects call on ye to sift  
 Their Wisdom ; with their Beauty don ye ;  
     Impulse to act ye have, and action tingles  
     Joyous ; softly, then Rest declines upon ye.  
 Companionship, or ye may dwell in singles ;  
     Either is yours for days, or hours, or years ;  
     And depth of thought, or sweet affection mingles :

Yielding alike an offspring that endears  
 Itself, alike, to mind ; or heart ; the fount  
 Of future joyous riches : or there rears  
 The Base of mental Fabric, that shall mount  
 Towards Infinity—receding still  
 Before. Not short of this, may mortals count  
 The Destiny awaits ; if they but fill  
 The reasonable scope their nature holds ;  
 Promptings through its deep elements do thrill :  
 Nor crush the aspirations it enfolds ;  
 But cultivate, with study, watchful care ;  
 That all, their passing yielding well assolds.<sup>27</sup>  
 Yea, here of Happiness the secret rare  
 In this Beginning of Immortal Being !  
 Oh ! thou fatiguing, fretted like the hare ;  
 Pursuing thou, yet hounds of cares art fleeing ;  
 Arrest thee in thy chasing, chased hunt,—  
 Or step without the circle—for the freeing !  
 Circled, endless course, is ; objects in front  
 Appear to some ; to others they seem following.  
 Man springs the cares ; to vanquish, will confront ;  
 But finds the end of all the chase is sorrowing.  
 Oh ! pause, but now ; contemplate what thou art ;  
 See, if thy nature be not trouble borrowing !  
 See where, from line, obliquely thy depart ;  
 Where, thou didst rush to catch some Phantom Prize :  
 Through all the Past, a vivid glancing dart ;  
 Determine, positively, to be wise :  
 In all thy Prudence draw thyself up close ;  
 Deliberately arm—against surprise.

Turn oft, and ponder on the bitter dose

That in such haste was raised to lip, and drained,—

Impregnate wormwood, gall, with speck of aloes ;

But, then, will have, for good, embittered, pained.

Now, make thy Inventory of endowings ;

Reckon their whole availment, dregs distrained ;

Nor stint of time, to learn their use, allowings.

Soon, gratefully, their many voices speaking

Shall pay thy pains ; awake thy full avowings.

But ah ! let not Earth come, with its poor creaking,

To interrupt sweet counsel Heaven indites ;

That falls, from such high contemplations, leaking.

Return we, then, where wonder still exsities ;

And, with it, grieving dubious combat wages :

Silent they all, as we pay last sad rites

To lately sleeping Earthly, of all ages.

## CANTO VIII.

They are comforted, in a measure—then another voice arises—Omniscience—Faith triumphs—Forthcoming scenes depicted—The Future vividly before him—Arrested by his emotions—The Omniscient Workings—Beginning of argument that seems far-reaching.

Peace to ye, sleeping Earthly of all ages !

But now there's a vibration ; a soft light

Is shaken forth, soothing, and much assuages ;

And comfort, tho' it speak not, with its flight

Sheds inexpressible, upon their mourning.

Not tho with hues of Gaiety, gleams bright ;



But tempers waxing urgency of lorning :  
     And then, from a somewhat retiring nook,  
     A voice most gentle, as of streamlet bournung,  
 Parting aside the pliant Aether, took,  
     With sweetly exciting tones, their fixt attention.  
     “ I cannot find it in my heart, to look  
 With joy unmingled, for there's intervention  
     Of shade passing, at forthcoming scenes  
     Projects Omniscience ; having comprehension  
 Of the competency it utters, means  
     To reach each cumulative exigency,  
     Till it return again, with its demeanors :  
 Minutely cognizant of all, each agency  
     It sends abroad ; and circumstance it meets,  
     Or makes,—with all their series of contingency ;  
 Arrayed, and all depicted ;” [as, in sheets,  
     Transcendent Mathematician will depict,  
     With curious lore (and plodding student greets),  
 Each curve, or angle most recondite, strict ;  
     In numbers, units, fractional, approximate,—  
     Acquaint, first, circumstance that will conflict] :  
 “ Yet, with a thrill of joy this Bosom animate ;  
     A trust unfluctuating, full, transcendent :  
     My soul with joy His Excellence will sublimate ;  
 Tho Evil appear, Virtue I know ascendant !  
     Conflicting Powers shall meet on Battle-field ;  
     Battle to anxious souls will seem long pendent ;  
 Arduous the struggle, oft brave Soldier yield ;  
     Spread misery her nets, and vice entangle ;  
     Evil will all her terrible weapons wield,—

Life in all terrible circumstance dangle ;  
 Destruction let loose,—all impending over ;  
 Goodness itself in emergencies strangle !  
 Oh ! frightful indeed the Imaginings hover,  
 And thicken the Prospect—the Future all darkens ;  
 Yet, Omniscience behold—with means to recover  
 To voice of the Conscience—I see who oft hearkens.  
 Ah ! hapless scene :—such must indeed ensue  
 Prerogatives entrust—to who not carkens !  
 Yet, pause not here ; trace on, the mingling hue  
 That struggling Virtue sheds ; the brightening gleam,  
 Like lightning, flashes forth from Bosom true :  
 Or, through the combat, glows with steady Beam ;  
 And quail around it miserable Hosts :  
 And now, all vanish—like a passing dream !  
 Cherished Companions ! if there be who boasts  
 Superior wisdom, quick discernment, haste,  
 Oh ! haste to tell ; what mean yon fleeting Ghosts :—  
 Thus seeks sweet counsel, soul oppress'd and chased  
 With cares all troublous, and distracting sights  
 Wears that dim Future on its disk enchased.  
 But see there, creeping, now, soft mellow lights  
 Through the wreathed mists that gather up to flee ;  
 Hope chasing sadness, too,—that soothes those sprights ;  
 Returns their Peace ; precludes the wonted Glee.  
 The Faith that drooped, relaxed with grief, re-nerves,  
 Triumphs, like Sun o'er mists that haunt in lea.  
 “ Omniscience, of necessity, reserves  
 Remotest consequences in its ken,—  
 With each of final issues, on it serves :

Omniscience, and the scope with limit, then,  
     Range of Intelligences all—compose.”  
 [Respective orders thus divides the Pen,  
 With line that’s ineffaceable—till close.]  
     “Yet, not for this, events forthcoming hid  
     From secondary class ; not such, suppose,  
 Nor superficially thus shut the lid—  
     To smother consciousness that lives within ;  
     Or darken it ; or stifle that it bid.  
 But ye repulse such thought, and all akin ?  
     Ah ! well I know ; and now itself approves,  
     Foreshadowing partial issues flitting in  
 To us ; the dusky Future, as it moves  
     Or moved but now before us, fearful, grim ;  
     And, inmost, recalling it commoves  
 With anguish. Yes, we see, tho with a dim  
     And varying perception,—if we will ;  
     Nor may we alway shut it out—if whim  
 Do seize us. Yet I wander, and the thrill  
     Of that dark vision rankles.” Nay, disturbs  
     The accents wont to flow, like gentle rill  
 Meandering through level ; yet when curbs  
     Its gentleness the pebbly base, and dam  
     Their multitude its current ; it perturbs,  
 Breaks up, rushes confusedly to jam  
     Th’ obstructed channel ;—thence will congregate,  
     Slowly, in some still depth, until it cram ;—  
 Then oozes, or breaks forth, as now, elate  
     From the deep calm of recollected thought,  
     Th’ orator Spirit. “With Prescience animate,

Intelligences are,—to scan what brought  
     Keenly, or dimly, on the scene ; that stretches  
     To o’ertake, each way, the bounding, boundless Nought  
 Save that its Boundary Omniscience etches ;  
     Having created in expansive blank  
     To hold such scenery, at times it sketches.  
 Born then, and gift such elevated rank,  
     We were ; and others will be ; nor afar  
     The lurking Epoch waits, or breeds in Flank  
 Whence wend the ages. Fashioning now, some star  
     May be,—select their own peculiar dwelling :  
     And in their day, what scenes of Anguish mar ;  
 And Grief will harrow up the Soul, in telling !  
     Freedom imprest in Glory on that Being,—  
     Yet, for consideration venial—selling !  
 Endued ; conception stretching yond the seeing ;  
     Naught intercepting save yon etched lines ;  
     Impulse, should keep for ever Evil fleeing ;  
 Yet, curvet round it, will, by fixt cosines :—  
     Nor may Omniscience stay,—its Boon recal :  
     Demitted for a time,—with seals and signs :  
 Falter their Fealty will :—that Being fall ! ”

## CANTO IX.

Amazement produced in that Assemblage—Some explanation of that Spirit's deeper insight into the Future—He resumes—He gives account of his knowledge—His predictions—Resulting from his deeper Studies—Phenomena deduced by him that have since been put in evidence.

FALTER their Fealty will :—that Being fall !

And stupor falls ; amazement leaden holds :

Their worst forebodings certified, appal :

Muteness has seized ; and binds in stiffened folds

Their lineaments, with rigid lines transfixt !

Oh ! that dread pause : thought, not to view, embolds ;

Droops Fancy wildering ; staggered, reels, betwixt

Commingling horrors crowd upon her wing ;

The silence reigns ; breathings unintermixed.

But oh ! what lengthening trains of issues string

Themselves, and stretch that moment's pause through  
ages.

Yet, that good Spirit, rallying, hastes to bring

Such mournful consolation as engages

Them to combat 'gainst such overpowering grief.

Ah ! he, more sedulous to con dim pages

Till their dark meaning stand in bold relief :

A prying thoughtful one ; still standing near

The Portal where, ensconced for long, or brief

Expectant interval,—of Hope or Fear,

The shadows cheer, or menace Future, crouch ;

Imbued with tendencies before appear

The full outlines ; thence sees, and may avouch

Their scope, and full availing ; fore-avert

Its Fellows,—such comparatively, slouch

In their aspirings ; loitering, inert ;  
     Or, superficially interrogate  
     The rising cloud,—then Providence pervert,—  
 Or Temptings conquer, while they meditate.  
     And now, that Spirit cognizant resumes ;  
     “ Oh ! ye, too unambitious of your Fate ;  
 Nor see—through the dark vista, light illumines !  
     Arouse ye, probe the conscience in ye slumbers ;  
     Find ye out the doubting thought, presumes  
 To harbour here, or marshall—in their numbers !  
     Oh ! ye more slothful, cherished, bosom friends ;  
     Whom grievously this case perplexes, cumbers ;  
 List to consoling on your Grief attends :—  
     To me not unattended.   Oft, alone,  
     Apart from all ; or deeply thrilling, lends  
 Companionship I love, and keener tone,  
     To catch and picture dim event impends  
     On brow of Future ; then I see, with zone,  
 And dragging after train that wide depends  
     And trails even to th’ Horizon in its march,—  
     Big with its threatenings.   Breathing then suspends,  
 Gathering in expectancy : there seems to parch  
     Somewhat ; or circling genial flow impede,—  
     Till through the vertex of reflective arch,  
 ’Thwart opening clouds, a vivid ray will speed ;—  
     Then, booming, comes—a flood of glorious light :  
     Yea ; bid dissolve in light,—the clouds—they heed !  
 From brooding clouds, the full event springs dight.  
     Thus, would I trace, erewhile, in wondrous maze,  
     What might the issue be ; if conscious wight

Endued to wend his solitary days  
     In some lone sphere ; or one, or might be more,  
     And knit with ties together, many ways ;  
 Free in their act, intelligent in lore ;  
     Able to question, know what may surround ;  
     With ductile Elements to mould,—in store  
 Exhaustless ; all intelligently bound,  
     Or separate ; wearing one form monotonous ;—  
     Or varying aspects, as proportions found  
 In one, together,—perfectly harmonious ;  
     To endless charms invest o'er all the scene :—  
     Instinct with all activity spontaneous :  
 Gifted with speech,—a medium between,  
     And binding mind to mind, and soul to soul,—  
     To circulate electric Impulse mean ;  
 All that they each acquire, spread through the whole ;  
     Sending each one its virtue through the mass !—  
     What issue, then,—as ages on would roll ?  
 Whither, their common action tend ?—Alas !  
     Alas ! Alas !—knowledge will not impress,  
     Save self-acquired, may such ordeal pass  
 Unscathed : Freedom will burst the limits—press  
     It round,—will prove, before it stay content,  
     The range of each contingency—in excess !  
 Counsel, in vain inculcate !—ever bent  
     To court, and taste each novelty presents ;  
     In midst of dangers, imminently pent.—  
 What fails it then, ye ask who thus dissents,—  
     Of Gifts or Glory ? Somewhat acquired,—not lent ;  
     Art to select the Right—when it assents !  
 Acquirement,—closely is with Practice blent.



## CANTO X.

He pursues his deductions from the Premises—He goes into details—The  
Incident to the Phenomena.

CLOSELY, acquirement such with Practice blent,

Nor, yet, indissolubly with it knit!

Ah! fails, full oft, Experience to indent

And rivet fast, on after act, its wit.

That Being treads on novel, untried scene;

Kens not the wondrous depths ensconced in it:

The Faculties that wait, and when it ween,

By its command those darkling depths be lit;

The multitude of objects will be seen

And through it, each, their divers flash transmit:

Thus cumulates a knowledge of its own

At first it had not,—but, to gain, all fit

And useful equipage,—pure instincts sown

Through all its inmost fundamental base

To seize, indiginate, whate'er were shown,—

And analyze, and mould, and interlace:

The ways of acquisition most profuse;

Objects encircling, intervals, and space!

With sphere, and agent, there may come abuse:

Apparent this,—the agent hath a will;

A quality of Freedom—for its use.

Freedom, his Glory said, and said is still,—

Nor other deigns Omniscience to create;

No other could its lowest Purpose fill!—

What then, of such, the necessary Fate?

With wondering thought I traced, through all degrees

Of knowledge; followed it in every state,

And all its impulses to that might please,—  
 For such the bent of consciousness at last.  
 I saw it grasp the looking fair, with ease !  
 With trembling, then, I watched, as on it passed ;  
 The disappointment fretted ; not to check,  
 But urge it faster on ; annoyed, harassed :  
 It paused not to review, nor seemed to reck  
 Beyond the superfices,—led by Eye.  
 I saw the Eye lead on to perfect wreck !—  
 Till recollection came to help espy,  
 Excited by the Pains that rankled yet :  
 And brought reflection, with intent to try,  
 By some comparison, if there were net  
 Invisible—might trap, as did before.  
 Behold them, now, with eye in Council met ;  
 They find the Enemy—when they come to pore.  
 Thus would I trace, returning on the track,  
 Each sense's lead delusive,—to the core  
 Of that it led to ;—making still attack,  
 Until revised,—each avenue of sense.  
 The eye, the ear, the touch, I found to lack  
 In keen discrimination,—search intense :—  
 Reporting superficially,—indeed,  
 And well ; but then the superfices—fence  
 Impassable to them :—thus came, of need,  
 To recognize—it must acquire the art  
 To well comport, fulfil, enjoy its meed ;  
 Endued for this, and this fit point to start :  
 The case—no other, would, in fact, allow.  
 But in that search, oh ! fitfully would dart

Upon me, as I probed the depths ; even now  
     I seem to see them ; such surpassing scenes  
     Of horror, guilt,—that speech may not allow  
 To be conveyed, unseen ; but study gleans  
     And gathers, tracing out the issues, far,  
     Of full capacities ; unbounded means  
 Of acquisition, joy : Freedom to mar,  
     Or deck, with its o'erflowings ; or neglect  
     Itself and all : construct to feel the jar  
 Of Passion lifts sublimely ; or deflect  
     Its split components from the high pursuit,  
     And lofty traversing, when minds detect  
 The latent truth ; the seeming so refute :  
     Trace out the vein of things ; the order lurking  
     Where divers elements would seem—dispute.  
 Yea ! lawlessly conflicting Passions working,  
     Leading the Being on to all excesses ;  
     That would not, always, stop to see what skirking  
 In the onward Path. It seems, all coalesces,  
     That should ennoble,—ruin to conspire ;  
     Rages within him Conflict sore distresses ;  
 Confused, Perceptions are ; in Chaos dire ;  
     But still the impulse pricking on to act ;  
     Till, at the last,—the Dross from out this fire,  
 Of nobleness that should be, drops-redact  
     To Tinsel ;—Virtue—to antipodes !  
     Yea, there begets, to utterly detract  
 From their true nature ; nay, it furthest flees ;  
     The nauseous effluvia, moral stench,  
     Monstrous abortion,—Evil, in all degrees !—

Freedom effervescing spawns this wench ;  
 The concentrated lees of Primal throes ;  
 Forced from that wildered nature by some wench,  
 I traced to this inevitable close.

## CANTO XI.

The subject continued by the Spirit more in explanation.—He concludes, deducing the final Triumph of Good.—The Council dissolves.—Our Position—The Purpose ripening—What may be treated hereafter.

I TRACED to such inevitable close :

The broad Conditions seemed to menace danger ;  
 This Pith of tendencies to ill—arose.

It seemed, at first, that nothing could be stranger :

I sought me out the deepest solitude,—  
 But then became, of all, the widest ranger—

Through the wild maze of Moral Habitude.

Freedom of Action ; with the Power to act ;  
 No practised skill in true Beatitude ;

Diversity attracting—to distract :

Needful, thence—Effort, making the selection ;  
 Senses anticipating, with all tact,

The slower, wiser yielding of Reflection :

Action still pressing on the unformed Agent,  
 Ay, loth, in Infancy, to make rejection :

Of Superficial Glitter—all the Pageant,

Sparkling with every slightest waving flutter :  
 Kind Sympathy,—through Chords unnumbered radiant !—

Weakness may thus occur ; yea, it may utter  
     Cryings—will through the sentient bosom vibrate :  
     Error may taste unsavoury fruit ; and mutter.  
 Ah ! Fellowship will creep through all the fibrate  
     Mass of Being ! Feeling of some exposure,  
     A rushing tendency to equilibrate,  
 Stretching to aid, and yet disturbs composure !  
     Bold recklessness was there ; one of the Freaks  
     Of Freedom, striking at butt of each disclosure ;  
 And thence the bitter disappointment leaks,  
     Fretting the Temper. Ah ! a thorny way,  
     And intricate I found ; where Freedom seeks,  
 With fibres delicately strung, to play  
     Respondent to impressions from each wave  
     Of action ; thrill of Joy or Hope ; dismay :  
 Of startled Fear utters the shriek to save ;  
     Expedient flimsy, seizing in its Terror :  
     And this begins a downward Path to pave.  
 Endless the sources, influence of Error !  
     Yet, must it show its forms ; likeness impress  
     Must memory, the Great Transferer ;  
 Or ne'er acquires that Being, Skill, address,  
     That dwindle Error's influence to a shade :  
     March of that once indented, with its dress,  
 Recuperative element we saw  
     Before : And these exist in lavishness ;  
     Springing from action, in and out, by law.  
 Thus Evil generates ; a slavishness  
     Recurring disappointment breeds from flaw  
     Was found in expectations : Peevishness

At first, that spinges, judgment still at fault,  
     To plunge ahead ; nay, almost it enrages ;  
     Then mires the deeper, till, perforce, it halt ;  
 Evil developed in the closing stages :—  
     Towards itself, and others, and Heaven besides !—  
     Thus Evil propagates, and grows for ages :  
 Puzzling the after Wonder ; that takes sides  
     In disputation, not on it, but how it came ;  
     And into charge on God it sometimes slides !  
 Sole Freedom's offspring, where such Gifts inflame.  
     Yea, here, prolific Cause to grieve, not wonder ;  
     Yet not Despair may generate from same :  
 Inferring this, from Truth we part asunder.  
     That same conservative, with timely aid  
     Vouchsafe will Heaven, reigning in its thunder ;  
 Shall bring reaction, Triumph : Evil be staid.”  
     With wrapt amaze, those duller Spirits list  
     To consequences well defined, and rayed  
 From out the elements, and there consist  
     Of need, eternally, of moral Things ;  
     But darkling there, till Mental Might insist.  
 Heaven's aid, indeed, it naturally brings  
     On fit occasion ; alway, yet, its own ;  
     Nor finite Being trusted with the strings.  
 Now, measurably, Thoughtfulness is flown ;  
     And sadness wholly ; yet a softened tinge  
     Of Sympathy, o'er countenances grown,  
 Betrays late counsellings somewhat unhinge  
     Dight gaitly that wont to habit there.  
     Some sense of lacking, too, hangs out its fringe ;

And with the waving of the gentle air,  
     As wending groupingly along, they think  
     They, thence, more deeply probe the true and fair.  
 Where stand we then ? not yet on Earth ; but brink  
     Of some creating World we yet may call  
     By such, or kindred name, and Heart will sink  
 Within us. Not tho, let us thus forestall,  
     With dimming apprehensions, curious longing ;  
     Or just desire with sickening bodings pall.  
 Triumph of Good was seen, but struggles thronging  
     Would prelude it. Let us contemplate these  
     With interest justly to such theme belonging.  
 The Theme, nought else, we rest upon to please ;  
     Nay, hope we have, it may instruct, perchance,  
     Some thoughtful one, conned o'er at fitting ease.  
 That world, we left somewhat in a trance,  
     Yet, not for that vive Nature stayed her Hand ;  
     Nor robing less, will meetfully advance ;  
 Or, less, fertility grows o'er the Land.  
     The Purpose, now, draws nearer to disclosing  
     Prompted, at first, the ushering command ;  
 Lying till now, in Embryo, a-dozing.

A long interval now elapses. No explanation of return from that far  
 flight. The Thought traverses not—Conjectures not ; at least nought  
 recorded. It awaits in satisfied ; or amazed ; or, may be, baffled pry-  
 ings—the Birth of Events.



## CANTO XII.

We are on Earth—Nature triumphing in Beauty—Novel Existences, with  
Soul—Visited by Spirits—Their Entertainment — Conversation — De-  
parture.

In a fair spot, Sweet Nature where reposing,  
Herself exhausted somewhat, with adorning ;  
In prime development, and hedge enclosing :  
Hour of the day, a pure calm day, the morning,  
Behold a Family ; two Beings, resting  
Seeming, and of a mild and noble orning.  
Converse engages them ; they seem attesting  
The Graciousness and Beauty of that Spot ;  
That is indeed, but they more, even, interesting.  
“ Let us draw near ; breathing not mar our plot,  
Stilled now, suppressed within the Bosoms deep ;  
To hear, forbidding delicacy, not :  
Yet, were accosting better ; praying we may reap  
The precious fruit from their discoursing falls.”  
“ Ye noble strangers, whose sweet voices keep  
The air vibrating with melodious calls  
That movingly us hitherwards constrain ;  
We pray ; may we list now, to that so thralls  
And fascinates ; the while we here remain  
A little, giving ear ; and so enrich  
Us with some wisdom, seeking we are fain.”  
Thus other two ; of bearing to bewitch  
Unused eye like Earth’s ; two spirits they,  
Linked by the closest ties that may enhitch,

The twain in one, such Beings. 'They obey  
 The sacred Prompting lately waked anew  
 In those blest scenes, Faith whither did convey  
 Us ; that, ay, gathers up, if we but sue,  
 And diligently search Nature and lore.  
 We have ; and onward press to further view,  
 In strength will deeper dive, and higher soar :  
 Not to fill dreams, Reality depure ;  
 Seems in our apprehension rusted o'er.  
 What answer give them, Beings so allure ?  
 With courtesy they welcome, wonder, too ;  
 In language, tho, imperfectly seems sure :  
 " Oh, Friends, salute we ye ; your aspects woo  
 Us to ye : if ye friends, we pray ye rest."  
 Then haste they with confusing and ado,  
 To proffer aught may soothe, enliven zest ;  
 Or most they cherish, sin their short abiding.  
 Wonder, meanwhile, commoves the Angel breast ;  
 Yet hasten, now, to pray their full confiding.  
 " We are your friends, believe altho our telling ;  
 We came from far, through the pure æther gliding ;  
 We love ye, welcome ye to your sweet dwelling :  
 Our home afar ; athwart the bluish Sky ;  
 Hither to see ye, longing us compelling  
 For we knew that ye would come." Thus apply  
 They, with their frank assurances, fit healing  
 Of inquiet, if aught rising, with reply.  
 Then they resume ; We pray, of ye, revealing  
 What were the speech crewhile between ye passing,  
 Looking intently, seemingly appealing

Each to the other, to Heaven, encompassing  
     The Zenith, circling the Horizon, scanning ;  
     And emphasis ; and wonder still amassing.”  
 For a brief space those look, rejoinder planning ;  
     But then, the stronger, Spokesman, thus begins.  
     “ Grateful to us, your words, oh ! Strangers ; fanning  
 Our expectation, ye explain, how wins,  
     Such Beauty all around us. Thus ye know  
     In part your courteous asking. But there dines  
 Such voice of harmony in busy flow,  
     That seems, a multitude of sounds commingle ;  
     Do these then speak, and are communing so ?  
 These sounds, are all hushed whisperings, that tingle  
     Conveying Sense intelligent to ear ?  
     Converse do these then hold, that seem so single !  
 And why, such Harmony through all appear  
     To Eye ? Then these, while a suffusing pleasure,  
     On their aspects, heightens, for them who hear,  
 Their Goodness, thus respond. “ Wonders not with measure  
     Will thrill in ye, as ye do onwards wend ;  
     Furnished ye are, and we, with darkling treasure,  
 That on, as seeming outwardly, we tend ;  
     That is, that feels the wonder ; makes enquiry,  
     By means the outer gear will haste to lend ;  
 And marvellously flexible and wiry ;  
     Furnished with strings of delicatest tone  
     Transmitting soft affections, and the fiery ;  
 An instrument, on which it plays, alone.  
     We see ye now, with eyes, yet see not it ;  
     But Beams are animating ye, it shone.

Full cognizant tho we, with other wit

That it accumulates from first in breathing ;

Erewhile in us, as now in ye just fit.

This outer one, and beauteous, is just sheathing,

Fitted to keep, and house, and serve as instrument ;

Linked two in one, with complicate enwreathing ;

Invisible, in visible integument.

This act ye on, and so the world without ;

Illuminant ye are, it munimant.

Ye traverse through, it girdles round about ;

Presents ye, works, and ministers your Will ;

Receives, transmits to ye, the truth, or doubt :

As now ye feel, and more hereafter still.

It is our sweet employ, to take and sift

Impressions thickly booming come, and fill

With soft delight : to sift from out, their drift,

And treasure it in Memory ; that's conferred,

One, with a thousand others, precious gift,

To cumulate a store from whence inferred

At last, with diligence, the truthful gist

Of all : and built a strength, that if transferred

At once, by simple Fict, might desist

From its full energy ; deperish might

In time ; and fail—when most it need assist.

Yet now, far as we may, we will throw light

Upon your wonder ; not relieving ; scarce

It begins to grow ; growing into night

Were not so strange. Comparatively, sparse

Our comprehension ; when it grapples first

With wonders crowding on it, even to farce :

To stupefy awhile : till kindly thirst,  
     Slaked with pure element, revive again.  
 Thus, interrupting Sympathy will burst  
 Beyond our own controlling ; with its strain :  
     For we have gone so far, we know there waits  
     A struggle for ye ; so forgive ; oh ! fain :  
 And we will haste to answer that so baits  
     Your expectation : for we scarce withhold  
     Such answer we may give ; yet, overrates  
 Expectancy ye have.   An Impulse, old  
     Scarce of our Ken, all nature animates :  
     By which we mean the Universe : untold  
 In its vast Bearings ; and desiderates,  
     Forever, action.   Material it has,  
     Or finds within itself : and iterates  
 In all these Novel forms ; precisely as  
     Ye see it here : or freshly it creates :  
     But more incline we to believe some Gas,  
 Or several ; and are moulded to such states  
     As make diversity ; or they, with base  
     Or dress diverse that it amalgamates,  
 Compose all visible : those seem to chase  
     Each other, through yon Heavens, in glittering shine ;  
     Or these embellish beauteously Earth's face.  
 However this ; one Principle, in fine,  
     So far as we yet penetrate, pervades  
     The whole : yet this, propelled, or held with line,  
 At intervals, desists, or retrogrades :  
     Exerted evidently by a Mind :  
     Nay, this within it, organ, sometime grades.

That which ye see the organ ; then behind,  
 Invisible, the Mind. Mind first detaches  
 Subtle Element, Impulse called, will bind  
 Or animate that organ ; then attaches  
 Effluence from itself, cunningly inserts,  
 In noble likeness, somewhat with it matches :  
 And now in ye of that no action self-asserts.  
 Oh ! ye Blest ones, we welcome ye to life !  
 O'er us your coming Destiny exerts  
 A Power to interest : and wakes a Bosom strife  
 Of soft emotions : faithful, kind, for you.  
 Farewell to ye ; our beck now urges rife.”  
 Swiftly they vanish ; gliding far from view.

### CANTO XIII.

Some disquisitions on Historical evidence—What it brings respecting the  
 Author of all—The appearance of the Family.

Vanished those Sweet Angelic forms from view.  
 Not here, oh ! look, for chronicle of days  
 That ushered in the years. In other lieu  
 They are contained, truly as shuffling ways  
 Would keep the record,—luminous with tracings,  
 Though they darkling, show them very Rays  
 Of Truth : the filling gone by Time's erasings :  
 And chargeable on this ; that man will laze :  
 And also on—in Wickedness his racings.  
 Yet, later, as our species turned to graze,  
 A little, on fresh pasturage and green ;  
 We find a dawning light,—that grows to blaze !

Not glitter of the stubble, burns at e'en :  
     No ! tasting on of Truth the Milk and juice ;  
     Sipping at intervals, long dearths between.  
 Men came to relish ; turning, then, deduce,  
     From recollections dim, traditionary :  
     Fumbling, too, old Parchments over, they reduce  
 Into some form. Some were true, some visionary ;  
     Unquestionably some were true : imprint  
     The Truth is on their front ; there stationary.  
 Indenting pick of heart, or hand, by flint,  
     Fail to obliterate ; strike out the spark !  
     Truth was stamped on, in Human Nature's mint.  
 Of all the Records made by every clerk,  
     Of his own day, from the Beginning ; or  
     That gleaned up Recollections dark ;  
 We will allow, if we not Truth abhor,  
     First, there is truth ; of late, and through them all :  
     Next, Truth comports with Human Nature : for  
 The subject, this, in action, all will call.  
     On subject such, in self first lesson take ;  
     And deeply, broadly : slackening, when it pall :  
 Resumed ; that ye see others do, may make  
     A portion of your Knowledge : then, the Book,  
     Events cotemporary may awake,  
 With profit, deeply scrutinising look.  
     Here pause then ; the Belief's foundation scan :  
     Whate'er ye find, apply through every crook  
 As Records backward traversing of Man.  
     Now, then ; we will allow there was Beginning :  
     This Element make parcel of our plan :



The Truth—Man fluctuates, is easy winning ;  
 We find, not going far, extreme degrees :  
 Still backward ; find him on large scale of sinning ;  
 Against himself, and God,—if such eye sees ;  
 And some bright lines, still Human Nature feeling :  
 Thus backward still, far as the Record flees :  
 And outlines similar for Truth ensealing.  
 If, then, Beginning, surely there were cause :  
 The Greater, cause, we see without revealing :—  
 And here let us reflect ; not come to pause.  
 That cause was God !—what are his attributes ?  
 In man, we see capacity that awes  
 For Goodness, that malevolence confutes—  
 Benevolence empowers us to deduce—  
 Kindness, reasonably, to man, imputes  
 In God : Freedom, likewise, and its misuse :  
 Nor strange, with Knowledge limited, appears :  
 Not strange, then, God protests from such abuse ;  
 With loving kindness ; and his creature hears.  
 Not then irrational what Records show  
 Touching this matter ; barring Hopes or Fears.  
 But strange, would seem, they do not further go ;  
 If we knew not all Records, mostly, lost.  
 Read then, and ponder ; what the rest ; then know.  
 Astonished were those two ; and fain accost  
 The Heavens, whither those Spirits had withdrawn :  
 Serene, but Sun had long meridian crossed :  
 And soon ; their toiling task they intermit, till dawn.  
 Return it would, they knew, by their refining  
 On the passed. Forthwith spreading on the lawn

Such fruits and cakes may strength renew if pining;  
 They enter on discourse ; tho with vocabulary  
 Diminutive for purpose of defining  
 Sensations crowding them ; nor yet were fabulary ;  
 Reflections from pure Nature in light shining :  
 Looking meanwhile like old Greek Statuary.  
 Reclining he, somewhat like Greeks at dining :  
 The Face reposing sideways in the Palm ;  
 Elbow on herb, with grassy spears entwining.  
 The countenance, in all its depths, was calm ;  
 And nobleness th' expression beaming out :  
 The eyes (not ruffled then) were looking balm :  
 Behind was thoughtfulness ; not thinking stout :  
 The Bust expansive ; not though in excess ;  
 The Belvidere Apollo's nigh about ;  
 But by the Posture held in some duress :  
 The form, its outline filled the finest taste ;  
 Complexion lustrous, making out its dress :  
 One limb symmetric, negligently waste  
 Of nerve, o'erlapping ; tending with the face :  
 The foot in keeping ; with its strings deep laced.  
 Turn we now opposite, to peerless Grace :  
 She sits ; held magically in the air :  
 Nor seems there aught fatigue, or aught to lace.  
 The hands are lying in the lap ; the fair  
 Limbs crossing, and indenting softly in.  
 They taper gently ; evenly if we compare  
 With him : the foot, small, nerveless, far from thin ;  
 And instep, like a cushion, round and soft :  
 Hands same-like, miniken, with white flesh-skin :

The face seems sweetly looking forth aloft ;  
 Yet turning sometime, fancy it we might,  
 To him she reverences ; nay very oft.  
 The swelling Bust, with some apparel white ;  
 And coming to two softly swelling mounds :  
 The Symmetry of all, oh ! fascinates the sight !—  
 They look around their cultivated grounds.

### CANTO XIV.

Sketch of their abode : and manner of life.—They converse.

THEY look around their cultivated grounds ;  
 Far as they may to keep in their repose :  
 That lies before, sufficiently abounds  
 With picturesque, and charming ; leaf, and rose :  
 With woods about, in patches , groves near by ;  
 And mountains circling, strung afar, enclose.  
 Such is their Paradise ; and covers—sky.  
 They habit there ; and worship Him who made.  
 Now they are resting : oft they will apply  
 Themselves, in cultivating that arrayed  
 Around ; and Nature gratefully assist,  
 If any weakness, parchedness betrayed :  
 Thus fill some hours ; if weary, then desist.  
 To-day, they have had other cares, and now  
 Discourse on them, ere kindly sleep enlist ;  
 And new, recruiting slumbers, zest endow.  
 Such God creates ; oh ! why will men persist :  
 Such landscaping he gave, and will allow

Us still ; and bountifully too, assist  
 Our labours ; crowning us with loving kindness.  
 Why temptings multiply, then, men insist,  
 Herding in cities ; taking common blindness  
 For the light ; aye with parity content ;  
 Thus boasted Competition leading purblindness !  
 It is, we reck not what Life's true intent.  
 " Those strangers, my beloved, gone they are ;  
 Vainly, our look on their far-wending bent  
 To track ; vain were each interposing bar :  
 Their forms more springful seemed the æther mocking ;  
 Taking, ere now, their rest in some far star.  
 Oh ! when they spake, there seemed in me a knocking ;  
 No meaning from their words will yet appear ;  
 Before my sight there seems a swimming, rocking ;  
 They make me, not themselves, their words, to fear.  
 Know ye this feeling, and what means commotion  
 That steals all over us from that we hear ?"  
 Then gentle voice, betraying some emotion,  
 Thus replies ; soothing his anxieties ;  
 And thrills, for first, for us, the air—its motion :—  
 " I hear the words of my beloved ; varieties  
 Now make me tremble ! cherishing the joys  
 We have ; and managing against satieties,  
 Sole burthen and uneasiness alloys.  
 Yet, how unwonted seems to me to speak ;  
 Or stop to listen,—when high thought employs.  
 The mighty, noble, thou art ; I am weak  
 In the ability to scan such themes.  
 Yet might angelic words right well bespeak

From ye, a close attention : and there seems

In them a sympathy that we be blest."

Here then she paused ; and grateful pleasure gleams  
Through all his thoughtful sadness ; stirs his breast :—

Soon though, quite sensible she had not done,

Takes up the strain,—regretful for the rest.

" Fain, might I soothe the feeling—seems to run,

Of Heaviness, through all that humour—wont

To be all hopeful ; oh ! thou precious one !

The angel voice preludes there may confront,

Some day, dark Dangers with our present peace ;

Not overcoming, but we take their brunt ;

Nor give they full event, before they cease.

Oh ! kind were this ; it gives the better hope ;

Doubtless thus warned that watchfulness increase ;

Indeed, I thank them ; yet must even cope

As well, with such despondency he feels—

That should arouse ; put on the envelope

Of all his mightiness—Freedom enseals ! "

Then, shot the thrill of conscious strength through him !

No more recumbent, stands : He stands ; reveals,

In all his Presence, Spirit she touched not dim :

Glowing in all its brightness ; as endowed

Glory of him Immortal : no vague whim

Caprice of Earth may sometime deem ; and proud

Of it. Calm, and collected, now, he stands :

Idle till now, the dexter speaks aloud,

Significant, (long hushed beneath the sands

Both it and voice,) pointing to Heaven gesture ;

Followed the Eye, and gives it understands ;

While fell the verdant rustling mantling vesture,  
 Noted above, firmness of that resolve ;  
 Recorded too, for purpose of digesture.  
 But soon the thought, and eye, again involve  
 In matters stretching far beyond the sight :  
 Elements of action, Destiny, to solve ;  
 And what the Part they act ; and if the right !

## CANTO XV.

They continue in discourse.—He exhibits an inquiring disposition ; she  
 a soothing and contented.—Some intrusion again of disquisitions.—He  
 enlists her attention.

He questions Part they act : and if the Right !  
 Ripen his musings, too, to utterance.  
 “ It is a dark, I fear, and devious fight,  
 Oh ! my beloved, menacing advance !  
 That we have friends ; a Maker feeling Love  
 For us, is true ; hence, more significance  
 In intimations—danger hangs above  
 Us ; not, for this, of those they can avert ;  
 Not such we may avoid, but we must—shove.  
 Nor can I see them enemies, alert,  
 Abroad ; roaming ; or fixt and stationary :  
 Hence, nowhere—save they in ourselves. Inert  
 They may be, strangely ; yet not visionary.  
 If outer enemies, God should defend ;  
 Nor need feel apprehensive, nor feel chary.

If there were none at all ; not thus befriend  
     Would they, who seem to love, with dark suggestions ;  
     What, ever, satisfaction friends attend ;  
 Or good result to us, from such sort questions :  
     And if these Enemies, then they but advise  
     The truth ; the artificers of digestions  
 Foiling themselves ; means voiding of surprise.  
     Supposed—there no such dangers, then such they,  
     To wake inquiet in us, in such wise.  
 Not cognizant of God, to love, obey,  
     Supposed ; nor we avert in other guise  
     That cloudings such o'erhanging were our Way,  
 Yet such existed ; we would find them rise ;  
     Become acquainted with ; and so avoid  
     With of a prudent Judgment exercise ;  
 Thus highest Good of such Estate enjoyed ;  
     All other, desecration of it, were.”  
     Thus, faithful soul unburthens cares alloyed  
 Prospective Happiness ; to re-transfer,  
     And partly shift on present joys, the load.  
     His comprehensiveness may seem to err ;  
 Anticipating quite so far the Road.  
     Endowed, in some degree, not all acquired  
     Wisdom man has, and means—to gain the mode :  
 Of these dilapidator, though admired.  
     First, agent fritters ; then, expeditive means  
     Adopts,—to take the place of those were mired ;  
 Or make, that remnant resting further gleans.  
     Of Man, was positively attribute  
     Inherent—telling how the Present leans ;



In given circumstances or dispute ;  
     Touching in ordinary the degrees.  
     Such ages of the Past in most repute ;  
 As when Humanity, in Horror, flees  
     From Despot's chain, or Superstition's gloom ;  
     Or when, thereafter, interval of ease ;  
 To spend fresh capital of Wisdom, room ;  
     (Measure we find allotted in such case,  
     Then comes again th' allotted doom ;)  
 We find there springs, expeditive, a race  
     Of Competition on the mental course ;  
     Not grown from prior degradation base ;  
 Plainly, then, budding of Primeval force :  
     That carries straightway to the early man ;  
     He not emerging from the sinkings coarse,  
 And very Prostitution of the later Plan :  
     Nor these, as granted, having novel gifts,  
     Allow a comprehensiveness to scan,  
 We must, to him—surpassing later drifts.  
     We plausibly may talk of some late steps,  
     But, ignorant of steps before, this lifts  
 No shadows from the Truth ; nor clouds Princeps.  
     But we may well imagine in a maze  
     The nature womanly. Now, her insteps,  
 Side and side in cushioned softness, sideways  
     The herb depressed, with full incumbent soles :  
     The twin knee raised with corresponding rays :  
 The fingers laced around in Caracoles :  
     The form decumbent forwards ; yet the bust  
     Reacting, and the throat still more, consoles

With its full view, the Beauty now on trust :  
 The look intently fixed upon her friend ;  
 That came as, speaking face to face, he must.  
 What feelings on that earnest look may tend ?  
 He paused quite naturally, as we saw ;  
 The case exhausted, then he came to end :  
 But now returns o'er that long track, and awe  
 Takes hold of him, at first, changing to sorrow  
 He should unwittingly such look forth-draw ;  
 Or it should lend its joy, and brooding borrow !

## CANTO XVI.

Their Conversation continues.—The day closes.

THAT look did lend its joy—to brooding borrow !  
 Most naturally, tho, she too returns  
 (Not in these days, sometime, until the morrow)  
 From such deep reverie ; and much concerns  
 It her to see, for first, where feeling tinges  
 When Consciousness just negatively burns.  
 “ I pray ye, oh beloved, if infringes  
 So deep discourse on all my full attention,  
 Pardon me now ; and tell me, why so cringes  
 The lightful buoyancy, with that ye mention ;  
 All quelled just then ; inly withdrawn, or flown ;  
 Nor yet with, of my knowing, intervention.  
 Why, those deep glancings o'er the future thrown ?  
 And wonder what, in every circumstance, event !  
 Goodness around, and Happiness, are shown

Exuberant, and in ourselves ; Content,

It seems, we might be ; satisfaction nestle

In our Bosoms—in its copious extent.”

Then he : “ Ye have well said ; yet there will wrestle

Some dim force within me. Wot ye, they spoke

To us ; this outer form was but some vessel,

Holding a precious treasure ; but a cloak

Around ourselves Invisible within :

An impulse there awaking ; all awoke

We would confront without. That is, will din,

And stir we now to such deep contemplations ;

Importunately pressing me to win

Some farther insight, with such meditations,

In nature of ourselves, and that surrounds.

Yet oh ! thou in-me ; hush these agitations ;

Calm thee now, seeing twilight makes its rounds

And deeper falls, and shades of night creep down ;

And, quickly, sheen of glittering stars abounds.”

The day is passed : the hour to lay adown

The weaker forms, that weary soul ; and rest.

But will they do it, nor will firstly crown,

With invocation to th' Omniscient, Best,

That parting day ; now shifted to the Past !

From Time's domain most positively wrest !

Infinity bereft ! that yet will last !

Boundless its store ; or circling moves around,

And indestructible. In Prayer now fast

They riveted ; and bowing to the ground ;

His voice the vehicle their spirit bears ;

Pours their full feelings out, their joy, their wound.

" Oh ! Thou Omniscient One ; In dread forbears,  
     Our thought, to enter rashly on Thy Presence.  
     Oh ! visit us ; draw upward to Thee, Prayers  
**We** offer cheer ; Still visit thy Beneficence ;  
     In thankfulness, we bless thee, for thy favours ;  
     Lavished on us, in thy Munificence ;  
**Oh !** may our love come to thee with sweet savour ;  
     Forgiveness, we do pray, of each our Errings ;  
     Oh ! Holy one ; now, wash us, in thy lavers !  
**This** day ; we do acknowledge our incurrings ;  
     We thank thee, for sweet Counsel was vouchsafed ;  
     Forever Blessed ! Grant us these Concurrings ! "  
**Will** He not hear those Spirits ; thankful, chafed ?  
     Oh ! yes ; they rise with softness, sweetness, spread ;  
     Not like the dew, but flowers whence it just wafted  
**By** the Moon's Sun-beams, and the breeze they led ;  
     Enveloping them with minutest veil ;  
     Perceptible th' expression, just, was fed.  
**Now**, in Companionship ; oh ! sleep ; they hail  
     Thy comings softly, seeking innocence ;  
     Yet, not impatiently, sweet thoughts avail ;  
**Dim** ; growing dimmer ; like the incense  
     Spreading its volumes in the air, all curling ;  
     Savoury it is ; nor less, the parting sense  
**To** sleep ; that goes all wreathing, plunging, whirling ;  
     Gone tho at last, savour left in th' expression.  
     Peaceful that sleep ; and visions are intertwining :

Act many those too, awaking, with discretion ;  
 To part with them I grieve ; to leave such treasure ;  
 Adieu ! Sweet ones ; I go, feeling oppression ;  
 Oh ! Know ; in Innocence ; and solely ; Pleasure !

## CANTO XVII.

Acknowledgment that account of the Creation imperfect.—Chargeable on Men's nonchalance ; and Faithlessness ; which last, however, they repugn.—The efficacy of Faith.—Works accompany it.—Allusion to later Revelations.—Reverence due to God, and to his name.

Of late we sought, though with imperfect seizure,  
 What—prime conditions of this mortal state :  
 Their accuracy test ; we pray ; in leisure.  
 They were spread out somewhat ; we would relate,  
 Imperfectly indeed, the growth at Eras  
 Of Habitable place where lies our Fate ;  
 And say ; while we contemplate no chimeras ;  
 That gradual to be, were quite in consonance  
 With, of th' Omniscient mighty, all our series :  
 Remains to say, that further yet from dissonance  
 It is with of man's Theories the congeries :  
 That more not known, is sure, to man appurtenance.  
 Reason for this hath been alluded to  
 Repeatedly ; it lies in Man's own Nonchalance ;  
 A negative infirmity, to woo  
 Comparatively ; if we pass to view  
 Crude fancies, child would call the bugaboo ;  
 But man, then child in acquisition, true,

At divers periods, this occurred as well :

But there is other series most to rue :—

When men so far beneath their Nature fell

They ceased to own Omniscience were, at all !

Denied ; affirmed that all by chance befell ;

Two lines, and classes, either will appal :

The last most fearful ; negative the first,

Of simple class ; the last, man's deepest fall ;

Nor long stayed there. There rose a kindly thirst

Dragged him from out the Den ; to Well

Of more congenial waters ; there to worst

The aridness consumed, to nought would quell

Immortal Natures quite. Faith keeps alive ;

To cease existence were a fearful Hell.

Yea Faith is, clothes the Soul ; makes it survive :

The Breathing of the Soul, is Faith. 'Tis Breath,

We know, the mortal clothes ; so will arrive

With soul, that, faithless, dies eternal Death ;

That is extinction ; or is something worse ;

If worse can be. Impossible, that soul,

Here dead in sins, by Death, will so reverse

Itself to life ! no means to so control

Hath it in self ; nor Heaven hath—but to curse.

Being prolonged ; iniquity to roll ;

May be, yet not our feeble stretch may see ;

Nor soul will Heaven, by fiat there, make whole ;

Nor doth it, hath it, here, save Faith first be.

Faith hath its works ; it animates to works ;

Soul-less without them, into Death they flee.

That Faith believes in soul ; nor madly shirks

Omniscience ; nor will count it aught but just :  
     Just is to Evil, Good, alike ; and lurks  
     Its eye through Universe it made, and dust  
 From which Man taken, formed. Its Spirit goes  
     Forth from it, and reports again its trust.  
     Oh ! ye, who walk this Earth, where'er ye rose,  
 Ye are beneath its Eye ; above, around  
     Ye is it ; doth from every part enclose :  
     And hath a heart to feel the joy, the wound.  
 It would, that creatures should build up to live  
     In this broad Universe, with Freedom crowned !  
     It knows our present weakness, will forgive,  
 Awhile, in hope the needful strength be built.  
     On some it reckons, from so many give  
     The nostril to the air ; nor may the guilt  
 Of one, or many to their trust, be bar  
     Against the Happiness of those : who tilt  
     Kicking against the Pricks, as said, will mar  
 Its hope and Purpose ; Heaven bewail their loss ;  
     Mar them, each for himself ; he goes thus far,  
     Cannot go further : yet may help the dross  
 Accumulate, as Beings slowly melt,  
     Each in its proper mould ; with crescent, cross  
     May be, save its true meaning purely felt.  
 But all have their occasion ; favoured some,  
     Or they more happy by their Birth, that knelt  
     The little children to their Father : sum  
 Is this : But ; oh ! details might endless reach,  
     Of our Estate and Bearing ; this but crumb ;  
     And yet there hath been who would crumb beseech ;



Faith was, that made that soul so earnest then.

Deem not, we reverence them not who preach

The Gospel Word ! It is the light of men ;

And they the children of our Father ; same

Omniscient Being, his works doing, when.

Dead without Works is Faith, a name, a name.

Faith means to feel the Truth ; as was explained :

Such operative feeling to inflame

To corresponding Works, is Faith sustained ;

Called living Faith : the Works themselves explain ;

Faith's Breathing, Working, actively maintained.

Give up yourself to such belief : How plain

Then every act imbued with it ; when not,

Ye err : thus may ye test each act ; sustain

Pure faith :—activity then fills your lot.

The Gospel brings this Faith afresh—was lost ;

At least well nigh effaced, with scar, and blot :

Scattered through Records torn and tost.

Who have it, happy they, if they will use ;

Or Parts ; or that pure Spirit, at all cost.

So dead mankind ; so long they did refuse ;

Omniscience with the Gospel breathes afresh :

Thanks then to it, to God,—for Gospel News !

God is Omniscience ; oh ! ye souls in flesh,

Oh ! reverence ; not lightly say that name !

Death yet entangles in his throttling mesh !

Hope and Immortal Life dwell in that name !

Say it not ! Worlds, Spirits, Heaven—dwell in that name !

## CANTO XVIII.

A trip through the Solar System—scarcely confined within it.

What various scenery of Earth, and Time ;

With all respective chasms that have accrued

In divers Phases of yon worlds sublime !

What fearful agitations have ensued !

They do impress with magnitude our Fate.

What elements are working ; what subdued,

With dead convulsions, to such jagged state ?—

The other Worlds look just the same ; or better !

Are they inhabited ?—Let us debate.

Our Knowledge gives us Eras—to the letter ;

They are of use to deck and light our night ;

They move in Harmony-conserving fetter ;

They spread our sense of the Omniscient Might ;

They tell a nightly tale to us, those spheres :

Grandeur, Intelligence, far, far from slight

Made them, be sure. They have no atmospheres ;

Not yet put forth,—or possibly are spent ;

Poising alternative :—we have our fears :

Indeed, we see no cause in each event.

That they may ever be,—that may depend :

Yet, build not—would need mercy as they went !

Nor build, that Love, existence to dispend,

In Being rational delights—save proved.

Crude Fancies love to multiply, distend ;

Now easily, without the wing, be moved :

The earth might be enveloped with Type,

If not to perish—context such behooved.

Puffing now gorges with repast of Tripe,—  
     Awhile, and numbers. Cant moves on, apace,  
     In circle limited. Oh ! ye unripe ;  
 To study aught, look in yourselves ;—with grace  
     Of the Pecunia : first find out your lack,  
     Then shop in due conformity, and place ;  
 Buy that ; buying aught else, ye make attack  
     On Purse, thence Rest, for labour must restore ;  
     On Time, thence joy,—that should fill every crack  
 In Time ; or trials, Labours, cover o'er.  
     But, in respect of what may now ensue ;  
     Our insight in Omniscience makes our lore :  
 In those yon worlds, we mean ; that now we sue,  
     Or touching them our Faculties, for drift  
     Of that they may contain,—sober, and true.  
 Our Principles set forth, may not uplift  
     To thought of millions, nonillions, and Zeros  
     Following indefinitely ; they all gift,  
 Too, with Intelligence ; martyrs and Heroes ;  
     Such we deduce Omniscience will delight in :  
     Having to conquer,—thus subdued the throes  
 In them ; that is themselves ; with their own might-in.  
     We furthermore believe ; that premature  
     Were duplication such, until insight in  
 Nature of such Life ; growing into stature  
     As it must, tedious time too, take must.  
     Reasons for this—will be Improvisature.  
 Omniscience doth, through link and link, and rust,  
     Or through each cognate substance is impelled ;  
     Spirit, or matter in minutest dust,

Discern the ultimate ; nor is compelled  
     To track minutely. Impulses will move  
     Harmonious, creating, or repelled ;  
 Harmonious as dissolving ; alway prove  
     The faithful ministers. It sees the striving  
     Of the spirit ; and its nature will approve.  
 Reviewing, now, the steps towards arriving ;  
     A Progress starts in fine, and slowly grows :  
     Deducing wisdom is, and is surviving :  
 Infallibly, then, growing as it goes.  
     To take such wisdom at fit point ; transfer  
     To other Planet, System, merely shows  
 The Being there, what done, though he may err,  
     By Fellow Creature. Being there then stand  
     At once, where Earth's ; far on scarce to recur.  
 Means of communication at command  
     Of Heaven, men do begin, now, to espy :  
     Deduced before ; now dawning seen, at hand.  
 O'er long, space traversing, the wing we fly  
     Oh ! Readers ; yet, a single feature plain  
     Deserves we should make mention ; or should try.  
 Of all the Planets lead their several train  
     Around our sun ; due atmospheric sky  
     To take, and nurse, diffuse his Rays again,  
 For Being climbs the lower moral stages ;  
     Is Earth's, as is supposed by some, alone :  
     Earth such, by distance, justly holds and gauges.  
 That is, man as he is ; the grades we loan ;  
     As in man's seeking, erring, is the use.  
     Now, for our straightward path, behold we prone ;

Yet throwing back a look, as might conduce,  
     Oh ! friend, and ay, to keep the track before.—  
     What passed thus far, we think we might deduce  
 Nor shift position ; standing right, not more.  
     Look at such vantage ground as ye return ;  
     'Tis whence the most is seen, and needs some lore ;  
 The faculties, too, whetted ; ardour burn.  
     But these will come apace,—just persevere ;  
     At last, to wonder only, will ye turn,  
 Ye would so waste your days—in Pleasure, Fear.  
     That term we use, as then ye did conceive ;  
     Now, in true pleasure, freedom,—ye shed tear.  
 Hope has built Pyramid, and ye believe :  
     The Inconsistencies fade out of sight.  
     No argument of Friend—that ye receive ;  
 Your self-built Bark ye sail in, steady, tight.  
     Lo ! the day dawns ; last twinkling lights are blying !  
     Now, buoyant soul not quickens, stays down flight :  
 Quickened it sooner would to mount, in dying !

## CANTO XIX.

Returning, mankind depicted ; and the yearning of the Spirit in man.—  
 Allusion to our Records.—The Fatherly relation of God toward mankind.  
 —His novel Revelations of Himself hinted at.—The inexpediency of  
 making these simultaneously Universal.

Oh ! favoured, honoured, desecrated Earth !  
     To thee with our return, the vision fills  
     With thronging spectres, crowding to the Birth !

They agitate ; and seem like froward Wills ;  
 Rejecting impulses, and every girth  
 Conception ushering commands ; instils :  
 Chafing ; and make a shooting, feverish paining ;  
 A heaviness that intermits with thrills.  
 To see such flitting Things should make more straining  
 Than in full broad relieving Nature gives.  
 Not this, the Heaviness of Nature, plaining  
 Of the gorge, partaken justly, Nature lives.  
 The Spirit chafes with o'ermuch Cause for grieving :  
 Then, oft, it will yield forth somewhat misgives ;  
 Real, in Future e'en, and worth believing.  
 Now, Past, indeed, and Present, too, we touch ;  
 Prolific, yet, of much requires retrieving !  
 Now, on the Past ;—we have somewhat, not much  
 So broad, to say ; of Records we have saved.  
 Sole guide the Past, we move like lame, with crutch ;  
 The Bravest,—as the Pit-falls must be braved :  
 (Not now we reck—of Thoughtless, plunge ahead.)  
 Of aid of Past, that chiefly to be craved,  
 And couched in Records gathered from the Dead,  
 Lies interspersed in what called Holy Writ.  
 Let us advance to look at it ; and tread,  
 With awe, near what—of so much travail, wit.  
 Not all is there, and none affords neglect :  
 Wisdom—Wisdom is, what in, how it spread.  
 To look at all, that Spirit will direct ;  
 That single Comprehensive One late seen ;  
 To either world, of Title in respect ;  
 Estate in both containing, and between :

And, thus, degrees in Wisdom disappear :—  
     All are the same to the Omniscient Eye.  
 In other part,\* Omniscience did appear,  
 We said ; in Mercy, Judgment too, to guard  
     A single Ray,—that would grow not all sear :  
     And having, too, to justify itself regard ;  
 As Judgment onward passes in account.  
     There, too, of Eras two ; and to retard,  
     The first, the Wickedness must soon amount  
 Inevitably, else, to moral Night :  
     The next, at stage effective to recount,  
     In moral things, Pure Wisdom ; in its bright  
 Yet mildest radiance. Yet were there scintillations  
     In the Interval, and of glowing Light ;  
     Seeming through Darkness very Inspirations.  
 Mankind towards Omniscience had returned !  
     Of that one Ray—reflective operations.  
     Wisdom, in vivid flame, in sockets burned,  
 Omniscience, measurably, will partake ;  
     Discern on every side, and be discerned ;  
     Onsets on Present, Future ; it will make.  
 In such degrees, that single Ray maintained ;  
     Far traversing of Future in the Wake.  
     But how that Ray Omniscience's—sustained ?  
 Case imminent, to keep a spark alive ;  
     The worst materials selected, trained ;  
     Secured, that they should separately thrive ;

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\* Not in this volume.



Full blush so luminously bursting out ;  
     Midst rouchant Darkness, could for agés strive ;  
     Till came that Ray more luminous, and stout !  
 But, read that story in concise detail ;  
     Compare with Practices were all about.  
     And there was light in other Parts ; more pale ;  
 Not vivid flash ; not seen in scintillations ;  
     In divers Periods : and here avail  
     Our comprehensiveness of Meditations.  
 Th' Omniscient God, our Father, with one home ;  
     And same Parental tenure of Relations :  
     Our seeing varies, with the space we roam ;  
 Or roamed our Fathers : yet may we return  
     A portion of the Way. That light not gloam ;  
     Our own Perception fades, will cease to learn ;  
 Yet, still, will animate in some degree ;  
     Still, heart Parental to the Glowing yearn,—  
     Glowing in singleness, and yearn to see.  
 Yet, not in all, and not in every part,  
     That special light might kindle—thence all flee !  
     Barrenness to feel, barrenness of Heart ;  
 Their desolation of a sweet communing  
     Through all Nature ; Nature, that did impart  
     Its impulse to a consciousness entuning  
 With its aspects ; wildering storm, or hush ;  
     To Season's softness, ruggedness, attuning ;  
     The Starry Heavens contemplating with flush ;  
 Ocean in-waving sense of the sublime,  
     Bidding in-beatings, whisperings, to Tush ;  
     Inoculating something more than Time ;

Thus might they yearn ; thus might inquire ;  
     Thus might refine,—find Sin beyond the crime :  
     The pure dictate of Right some Heaven require.  
 Then kindle in the Desert that Pure Ray ;  
     Strike from the Night—the Light, the Sands—the fire ;  
     Distinction make through Right and Wrong clean way ;  
 And either edge appoint with rigid lines  
     That sense of Right not vacillate, with Play :  
     Such done by means Omniscience sole divines :  
 One God—from Hosts of them—set clean before ;  
     Examples made of barrenest of Vines ;  
     Destruction finding wickedest of yore :  
 Kindness forbearing ; yearning, that inclines  
     To first returning of the Heart feels sore :—  
     Maintained for ages this ; while still repines  
 That Spirit pure with all their evil doings :  
     So Girt, swift Punishment o’ertakes backsliding ;  
     Yet still redeemed to miracle—their wooings :  
 Thus will it keep them, while it yet betiding  
     Fit culminating ripeness of the Growings ;  
     Breaking up of Empire, Hordes’ residing !—  
 Might not such seem fit time for novel sowings ?

## CANTO XX.

The Subject more illustrated.—Argument direct.—Address to an afflicted  
and most interesting Race.

Oh ! favoured, honoured, desecrated Earth !

Presumptively distinguished sole abode  
Of Moral Finite ;—till of Moral Worth !

Oh ! thou, thou highly favoured one ; what load  
Weighs down, contemplating thy sad estate !  
Yet what to do ! how may we upward goad ?

Thy jealous Freedom seems to lace thy Fate !—  
To finite Eye ; not to that Spirit true  
That animates in all ; in us—in rate.

To Finite, deigns Omniscience it accrue  
In measure,—making worth its Fellowship :  
The Master ; Lord ; with Followers a few :

But seeking many,—would they make the skip :—  
That needs but Will,—and Faith. Oh ! Error Bound,  
Self-bound, why will ye not the Bondage slip ?

Ye Free ! why leap not from the leash, like Hound ;  
And run a noble race,—to take the Prey ?  
Where is your ardour ?—Ye are lame, unsound,

The Halt, the Blind. Ye see not, nor obey !  
Your eyes are dazzled with the gaudy show ;  
Watches your mind not—to direct your Way !

Nay, mind ye form not ; will not learn to know.  
Surely, ye ken whereof we late discoursing !  
Why it relates to ye ; all ye below.

Of interest surpassing, needs enforcing ?

God speaks to Earth,—yet ye not know—that said !

Or, read, ye heed not ?—whither then ye coursing !

Through Moses, He regenerates the Dead !

What they became, in Psalms Poetic see ;

Then see, backsliding, into Bondage led.

From Israel, since, the Pagan, Christian, flee !

Then, there were noble Greeks of old :

The sense of Beauty they had ; nay, were Free !

In Wisdom, Art, and Freedom, all is told

The Past affords, when Greece illustrious named :

The Palmy Age of Past ; Freedom's strong hold !

Th' Omniscient they surmised ; they even claimed.

But Freedom tells the tale ; Freedom they held—

After for luxury and wealth far famed ;

A little after ; Freedom then rebelled.

These dottlings guide ye to the rest. All men

Before Omniscience, stand alike ; impelled

His love, alike, towards them. They must Ken

To lay hold on it. All alike, partake

His nature. Seek, appropriate it then ;

In measure corresponding,—progress make.

Dispensing light anew, He took one Strain ;

Long after—multitudes that did forsake ;

Before the multitudes since past, remain,

And since forsake his ways ; they equal still :

Seek ye them early ; seek them ; they are plain :

Of pleasantness ; and sweets of Peace distil.

The Chosen Strain forsook,—and were outcast !

Memorable then ; memorably fill

The World e'er since ;—their Zenith, Gulf, too, passed.  
 Chosen they were ; not envied now ; accurst !  
 Oh ! Judah ; Jews no longer : long harassed ;  
 Ye stricken ; fetters of your Blindness burst !  
 We all are men ; ye were peculiar stem :  
 Selected ye, the favoured we from first :  
 Christians we are ; ye, too, may be of them :  
 Both are mankind ; mankind should christians be :  
 We all are Brethren ; the one, this, emblem :  
 Christians are men ; men by the Truth made free :  
 Christians ; and Jews ; we have one Father all :  
 The Elder ye ; the second Born were we :  
 Called were we ; now we upon ye call !  
 Oh ! Israel ; where art thou ?—of Gentiles now !  
 Come then with them, come to your Father's stall :  
 The titles merge : Brethren, and Sons, endow.  
 Surely, not now, the visible ye seek !  
 The visible till now ? oh ! no ; allow  
 It fleeting, passing, vacillating, weak.  
 Surely, not Gentiles now ye would exclude ;  
 And make us wanderers, outcasts ; speak, oh ! speak !  
 Distinctions such are obsolete, or crude.  
 Would still monopolise the Kingdom ? say !  
 The Broad Earth ; have it all for yours ; oh ! rude !  
 Judea Kingdom ; Gentiles all away !—  
 Oh ! see ; we have one Father, the Omniscient !  
 Look back at all our way ; and all astray !  
 No steadfastness ; for working inefficient :  
 Children,—four thousand years of,—taught to pray !  
 Oh ! know the sacrifices insufficient ;

Oh ! no, not Gratefulness in them ; nor they,

In novel Temple, fill the pure desire.

Hearts for Temples : for sacrifice obey ;

Love—their Saviour ; Innocence—attire

In ministering : All, Peculiar Priests :—

Then all, Peculiar People. What desire

May feel Omniscience for New Moons, or Feasts !

They were but means to tame your rugged hearts ;

Sample of Human Kind self sunk to Beasts !

He took ye, educated ye with Parts :

Your Kings and Prophets sang with such sweet voice

It reaches us ; of Holy, taste imparts.

It bids us rise ; with Righteousness rejoice !

We hear—in part. A Revelation came,

Of Virtue in its sweetness ; but your choice

Was to reject,—with wrath your hearts inflame :

We Gentiles took the Treasure up, and nursed :

Now ye are stricken ; we have all the Fame.

This the enduring Glory : all else hearsed ;

Or now, or will be. Come, and with us be :

Not Nation, we,—that destined to be cursed :

The world will gather with us ; oh ! come ye !

And ye will come :—our Border will extend

Afar : fulfil your Prophecy will we !

And ye, and we, will Holy Land comprehend.

## CANTO XXI.

Mankind are Brethren.—Their Supineness.—The Phenomena brought  
again to light, and more specifically.

Oh ! favoured, honoured, desecrated Earth !

Brethren, now see, thy suffering ones,—in womb  
Of striving Freedom, travailing for Birth !

New-Heaven, and thou, but wait that we entomb  
The Dragon,—scotched that is, and will be slain.

Far, and wide, we wander ; brightness, gloom  
Irradiate, o'erhang ; repel, or train.

We scarcely know us Brethren, divers so ;  
Nor struggle,—to be elder of such Strain !

Indubitably, see, the Radiance glow ;  
Yet what may mean, or mand,—we never heed.  
How oft, they teaching it, seem not to know !

Of that, or something, yet, we feel our need :  
Nor standard act the world will,—nor define.  
Behooves, each one discover, none will lead ;

Each one, Good Subject, too, for self, in fine.  
Will ye then do it ? do : the work then done.  
With self shall I begin then, or decline ?—

Let us, somehow, such droppings overrun,  
As naturally fell, and should be clear.  
But where, look now, in part where it begun ?

The Heavenly Voice did far aback appear :  
'Twere begging question—now to introduce ;  
Nor seems it much accredited—down here.



Those Two declared,—but nought yet to seduce :

And now, descended we below their day.

Fain, now, we could but see them ; hear adduce.

Do ye not feel some liking for their way ?

Saw ye that was unnatural in them ?

Indeed, we're thinking, they—not far astray ;

Far as they went. Seeing, we tell the gem

Of sweet behaviour ; yea, we oft esteem.

Could ye but tell us, where there were a stem

That yielded such, or better ; we would deem

Ye laid us under obligation ; and

Would take a copy, or make up a theme ;

Or, in some way, delineate with hand

That suited ye ; that so we might instruct.

That Such ! we know ;—but slowly at command :

They bear not looking much,—for sweetness plucked.

Who will sit to us ; that we may attempt,

And better than they too, as good,—construct !

But if ye cannot, dreaming from exempt ;

Save ye do show unnatural therein.

Yet, meaning of that word ye would so tempt

Us to attempt explaining. Think ye Sin

Might enter in ? Unnatural it is :

Yes, that our showing ; and is deep within :

The Sin ye think we mean ; no, that in Phys-

-iognomy, or incidental places.

Nature not such ! it was in-breathing His

Who incorruptible,—corrupt defaces.

It hath some Faculties, our Freedom seizes ;

Though they conferred to punish us with Graces :

Our Freedom boasts to do just that it pleases :  
 Its Glory—were—in fine discrimination.  
 Those Faculties are innocent,—it teases ;  
 Nay, may command—if there be hesitation.  
 Freedom, indeed, is nought itself, but mean ;  
 Or quality of Nature for dictation ;  
 Nature misusing, Sin is done ; and seen :  
 As said. Thus see, too, how Sin now begot ;  
 Evil the wench, as heard before ; with screen.  
 That is Evil ; is wrong men do, or not :  
 If done, it lives ; if not still hushed in nought :  
 Such noughtiness hangs round in every spot  
 Where Freedom haunts ; from it conceives, if ought :  
 Conceiving, Act begot ; that lives, or dies :  
 Such act, a Sin ; then these the objects sought.  
 Perceptions round, and cognizant what flies ;  
 Take in such acts : and thus they may survive :  
 They Evil make ; and Evil therein lies !  
 Thus, Evil not in Nature ; yet alive  
 Without ; to the Perceptions—it exists :—  
 Knowledge, Perceptions gather in their Hive ;  
 Knowledge in propagating then assists :  
 Thus, “ Knowing Good and Evil,”—more this grows.  
 Perceptions traverse, very atmosphere consists  
 Of them, of Moral being,—once it “ knows ” :  
 Who sees not “ Knowledge,” Evil, then, enhance !  
 Still growing, might attain the very snows :  
 Nature tho still without ; nor can advance  
 A step within. Here our conviction rests.  
 Know such then Evil,—touched again perchance :

Creeps, Reader, in,—not born in Human Breasts ;—  
     Offspring from man, in young immoral days !—  
     Got in that Noughtiness, by Freedom's Zests.  
 But why, ye show not subject with mild rays,  
     Yet deep ; unflickering, in steady charms ?  
     Promised new Heaven ! (see, here, opening lays,)

Oh ! now, we will invoke with outstretched arms !  
     But what ye say ? what do ye then respond ?  
     Oh ! where, conserved that treasure, free from Harms !

Or, should we find it, rather, passed beyond !—  
     Can ye then show it me, in all the Prime ?  
     Almost despairing ; cherishing a fond

And soothing Hoping ; we will search all Time :  
     Not right away tho ; fresher strength must gather ;  
     We must decide whether to quit the Rhyme :

What say ye then of it ? whether ye rather ?  
     Proscribed by noble, erst,—weakness its failing ;  
     For Grand, Expansive, joints were wanting lather :  
 Think, choose aright,—or Evil self-entailing !

## CANTO XXII.

A look at man's Wickedness.—The Deluge in consequence.

Oh ! favoured, honoured, desecrated Earth !  
     High Heaven, that honoured ! desecrated man :  
     Happy ended ; of Happiness, now,—Dearth.

We lately tested ; not a soul began  
     To claim pure Goodness ; cheerily, no response  
     Came to the longing soul,—with waiting wan.

Solely, doubt left, if, youthful, might ensconce,  
 And fear to signalise its whereabouts ;  
 Or, chastened, lurk in Heart of some old sconce.  
 Such our Condition ; Goodness weak ; Evil stout,  
 Active, and drives the world ; will patronise  
 In some degrees ; will like to raise a doubt  
 Of its own character—with such disguise.  
 Oh ! fain we would, that ye should see it so ;  
 The mock Reality—ye recognise.  
 Fix, then, your Eyes ; through all the surface go ;  
 Look at the Government, the private circle ;  
 The place of seeming Happiness, of Wo ;  
 The slight appearing rash, the grosser tubercle.—  
 But, rather, back four thousand years return,—  
 Not posted we, so slowly we encircle ;  
 And scattering, yonder, stringing threads discern.  
 Darkness was there, we would ye more instructing :  
 Ages traversing ; continents ;—through Fern  
 Of Heathy Nature ; Moral, man's constructing :  
 O'erpopulate at times, depopulated idling :  
 With virtue few, soon even them deducting—  
 Tracing to where ceased circumstances bridling ;  
 Or Rest perverted—into fetters forging :  
 Utter debasement thence. The Tyrant, Prideling  
 Courtier intervening,—despoiling, gorging :  
 Empire devastate ; Harvest—Battle-field :  
 Virtue and Knowledge shamed ; Art turned to orgeing !  
 Vicissitudes appalling, crushing, yield  
 Those days : Life, Human Agony, made sport !  
 Too horrible those scenes, too vast—to wield

With Pen ; nor eye can look ; nor are to court.

How might they to th' Omniscient, then, appear ?

Oh ! desecrated Earth ! what thy report ?

Oh ! Man, what thine, that desecrated ? Fear

Take hold on thee ; for not thyself alone ;

Thou marredst Earth !—thy sweet abode, made sear :

The very wind would through the Ruins moan.

So fearfully Sin waxed—the Deluge came ;

To sweep the sinks ; crush Evil—Giant grown ;

Afresh, with pureness, th' atmosphere inflame.

Upon this Deluge,—let us pause ; discuss.—

All men believe it,—tho believe in name :

They see the evidence of some great Muss

Upon the crust—Appearances explain

With Deluge ; Science aiding with a fuss :

Science, squeezed from appearances, with strain.

They say, it did o'ertop the mountains : whence

Then came the waters ? called, they are, the Rain :

What then, the Rain, what says it in defence ?

“ That I am in alliance with the Sun ;

Together, ruling mists, with common sense.

• The Sun drags forth, to cool his Rays ; make fun

With driving clouds ; maintain the vital air :

• And carried to oppressing, mists will shun ;

And turn to me ; with limpid tears, make prayer,

That I relieve them. Compact firm subsists,

That we resume, depose, alternate, care.

Dominion ours in limits close consists :

Fertility, and genial atmosphere

We thus maintain. Four thousand years, subsists

This peaceable alliance ; still adhere  
     We in ; let it my innocence attest  
     From such grave charge ; and Earth, and Heaven hear !  
 Fixed laws we do obey,—for action, Rest ;  
     With fine machinery, self-regulate ;  
     He only, that did make us,—can protest.”  
 Besides ; its moisture may but animate  
     The atmosphere : this we know for not extinct ;  
     Else, how a soul survive from that dread fate !  
 Some, erst, would charge old Ocean ; having blinked,  
     As in their private case, the fact of laws  
     Prevailing, keep it where it justly brinked ;  
 And Moon, or Sun with equilibrium draws.  
     If mighty wind prevail, and urge beyond  
     Its either limit, (nor for King it awes ;)   
 On other marge, exposes, to respond ;  
     Save it deputed with unnatural force.  
     In fine, to this, conditions tend in bond.  
 In organising Nature in its course,  
     No such destructively erratic flaw  
     Inserted, left or,—for rushing concourse  
 Of the waters ; whelming all in their maw,  
     On some dire combination to rebel :—  
     The seal,—of Probabilities the Law.  
 Four thousand years since passed, compel,  
     In absence of the like, to own the fact ;  
     When scarce two reached—Deluge, before, befel :  
 Tho cumulative, this, to counteract  
     Mere supposition. Thus we come to feel,  
     That were, of Deity that rules, the act.

Thus we deduce th' Omniscient, tho he not reveal  
     Himself at first ; or man, revealed, forgot :  
     Or Nature, now, not skepticism heal.  
 Oh ! wonderfully, staring proofs do dot  
     The Page of Nature, that He lives ; did found  
     It all : the Deluge, too, He may allot  
 A swift destruction if the seas rebound  
     At bidding ; or the Elements, reversed  
     From their due action, fearfully astound  
 The sleeping Nations ! Will ye, thus rehearsed  
     Of that destruction incident, we pass  
     To arguments impellent, why Earth cursed  
 By Him who made,—then whelmed in dire morass  
     Its Beauty all ; and Beings on it trod :  
     Beings Intelligent ; with souls,—alas !  
 And, then, conjecture, what we may forebode  
     For them who perished, thence for us who stay,  
     Arisen from seed kept, and have abode  
 Where they before ! Oh ! dark,—through chaos, way  
     It is to make ; and anguish sore may flutter :  
     As Night's dire Ruin—tells the fearful day :  
 And we—doom irreversible must utter.

### CANTO XXIII.

The Deluge further considered—and the Deluged.

Oh ! favoured, honoured, desecrated Earth !  
     First desecration, now, with shudder view ;  
     Of other—apprehension bind, with Girth !



Where, then, of labyrinth—to find the clew ?

But first, what—irreversible, explain.

Freedom conferred, we deem, accounts as due ;

Finite to Infinite : award remain

In measure with fulfilment of the trust.

Nought else we can perceive,—with every strain.

This Principle, with its relations, must

Develope through our Faculties, result ;

Award too, executed, we deem just :—

Happy ! with such conditions, who exult.

With shrinking dread, such question we approach :

Nor, now, would Sympathy the Passed insult ;

Or on that slumber, heedlessly, encroach.

Dread slumber !—only then, did sleep o’ertake

Such multitude ; whelming at one fell broach

The congregated Living !—Sweeping wake

Was that, that followed on Death’s deluge rush !—

But let us, silently, deduction make

From yon stern Premises : with pallor, flush,

As may alternate the Expectant mind,—

That follows on to issue :—there to crush

Its hope,—or some remoter chances find.

That Doom, by Data, just ; and was incurred :

Act of Omniscience, loving once, and kind !

Their wickedness—to stern transferred.

They were cut off at once ; (with warning, true ;)

Yet after fate, for this, no worse,—averred.

In fine, the case assumes the simple hue

Of what—the Fate awaits, beyond the Grave,

The wicked. With care proceed we ; subdue

The Hope, or Fear,—o'erweeningly would crave  
 To throw their weight preponderant in scale  
 Of our opinion :—futile, indeed, to save.  
 That God abhors—one dread commingling wail  
 Of all created Being may convince—  
 In tones of Thunder ; left—but who the Tale  
 Might bring to us.—Oh ! World ; hast thou then since  
 Redeemed that lesson ?—Saved in one Father's loins,  
 That Righteous man, did Righteousness evince  
 Making exception to the world ; disjoins  
 From compact Family of Earth !—oh ! tell,  
 Hast thou redeemed the lesson it enjoins ?—  
 Of Hope of such, the act contains deep well.  
 Here, then, we have extinct the Living ; seed  
 Reserved alive ; the former fit for Hell  
 As commonly received ; the last decreed,  
 Unquestionably, to restore the Race.  
 Whither, then, all these Premises do lead ?  
 Why, Races, one—another, thus replace ?  
 Loathsome the wicked to th' Omniscient Eye ;  
 With loathsomeness they desecrate Earth's face !  
 What, miserable, then, become,—that die ?  
 Will Heaven receive direct to Paradise ?—  
 Such memorable lesson—we deny.  
 The act involves a lesson fraught with Price ;  
 That we deny ; the opposite infer.  
 We cannot see aught may their case suffice ;  
 Nor, Goodness, see, the Wicked Dead transfer,  
 Punished thus here,—to happy, there, estate.  
 No Theory have we, to which refer—

Our own—we would, and find, from it, their Fate  
A contradiction not to reconcile—  
Such inference from Premises we state ;  
Nor flaw in these discover ; nor aught guile.  
Immutable distinctions will impose  
The dire necessity ; with Grief the while ;  
To deem them Perished ; lost : yet, we suppose  
Ten Righteous, nay e'en less, in city vast,  
Had saved ; and such there were—now in repose  
In Peace, or in the Presence Blest ;—to last  
The former, in that case, till Trump shall sound,  
To call to Judgment ; reckoning then to cast.  
And meet reward adjudged,—as Promises abound :—  
Nay ! that that Host appear not, cannot say.  
Strength may be given : there they may be found ;  
Then second, final Death ; or Future, stay,  
Dreadful beyond conception, in that mind  
No Finite fathom can—or tell the way.  
That such—conclusion ; other none we find  
By Reason, Faculties we have,—aver  
We must. If Fancy, still, will go behind ;  
Dread Retribution will, or law, confer,  
Without ;—Law, such our Faculties admit.  
Oh ! why compute such difference, to err  
In computation ; or the Task remit  
Of Life to other, dreadful circumstance  
In future ! Dreamings such, Hope may emit ;  
Sparkles from ashes of the Dead ; Romance  
To soothe, for who are gone, the bitter grief ;  
But not to build on, Danger so enhance

For them who live. Oh! seek not such relief;  
 Better employ the Present. Let that thought  
 Occasionally rise : Present is brief :  
 Let it arise in contemplations wrought  
 To an intensity, waking at night,  
 In dead of night ; as oft, the Soul, besought  
 By some intensest feelings, in full might  
 - Of keenest apprehensiveness, alarmed—  
 It knows not why ; yet all in trembling plight.  
 And takes vast comprehensions in, as charmed !  
 The Present, Future, Space, obey its call ;  
 And occupy awhile—to leave unharmed.  
 Such vision, then, may soothe ye ; not appal ;—  
 Then, fading in Infinitude, restore your sleep :  
 But leave, the morrow, chastened ; and will thrall  
 Proneness—in fresh Iniquity to steep.  
 Probing this subject deeply, will but tend  
 The Truth to fasten on ye, make ye weep ;  
 Fresh impulse to the good insert ; not lend  
 A fresher Hope for them : but caught a snare  
 In heedless moments, when ye think to bend  
 Heaven's mercy to your narrow Purpose. Oh ! beware  
 Count not what were the least wherewith attain  
 Blest Destiny ; and yours—with heedful care :  
 For which ye Born to strive,—Heaven would ye gain !

## CANTO XXIV.

Sadness of such Reflections—but soothed with a view of Nature, and  
Rural occupations.

Oh ! favoured, honoured, desecrated Earth !

How still, we wade ; how, yet, we labour sore :

Yet count for passed—of worst the harrowing firth !

Dim passages, and straits, nor Hope before,

Think ye it were a pleasure thus to thread ;

And probe for Grief the Heart's depths—to the core ?

Let us awake to Living ; quit the Dead

For now :—yet, living in the Past. Not yet,

We enter brighter era where we tread,

And christianity unlooses net

In which were, else, yon hapless ages held.

We are the key for them ; thus, entrance get

Thou Plodder : thus, harmoniously weld

The chain of Providence—all through extends.

Yet It not made the Past ; the Past rebelled :

And Providence, to yield the Present, bends.

Now, Past it would appropriate to use ;

Bending to help its present Gracious ends.

For this, the Past contemplate ; thence adduce

Motive, and spur to do the Heavenly Will ;

That seeks, and thus ye make the Past conduce

To yield your Happiness ; its Purpose fill :

For, both the same. Yet, love Heaven hath to feel.

And would indulge, yea, prove its joyous thrill ;

Reflect its stronger impulse ; would ye heal

Your ways ! To such, I would just prompt ye now ;

That lies ye deep within, to ye reveal :

They had it in the Past,—yet lived in slough.—

What are ye in yourselves ? Just look, and see ;

Nought but capacity with which endow,

Ye might, each hour—a joyous one ; of glee

Occasional ; is there,—till ye pervert :

Or if perverse ; when ye perversion flee :

Such done ; count the means over ye exert

At pleasure, and with Pleasure would repay ;

And spring to act, at your command, alert.—

Let us go forth, to tempt, take in the Day !

A morn of May ; to soothe the spirit's cloud.

The olden year had faded ; gone away :

Snowy habiliment, and Sear, its shroud ;

With stretching train far o'er the opening year.

The Storms had howled, and stalked the Tempests proud

Pattered had night-snows, rain, upon the ear ;

The genial Ground seemed frozen like a stone ;

The River's flow was sealed with crystal clear :

The Earth appeared a Barren ; Man alone.

The west wind parched all up the sterile air :

Fountains of fruitfulness seemed to have flown

Forever. Comes, tho, with maternal care,

Dame Spring at last ; Sterility rebukes ;

Chases the barrenness with cunning rare ;

Dissolves in fluids—what erst glittering flakes ;

Sucks through the opening pores the arid frost ;

Reproves the swain o'er Hearth Stone lagging, lukes.

Now, see the fields in every fashion crossed.

Implicitly, the Husbandman relies

On her return ; with doubts no Bosom tost.

Tho Provender diminish, yet denies

He not his Beast, nor Dog, that Nature craves :

His corn-crib—emptiness creeps in ; and flies

Well earned reward of labours past ; yet saves

He not, beyond the seed he knows return

It will ; Faithlessness of Nature braves

Unshrinkingly ;—a lesson yet to learn !

Behold, green herbage in profusion round ;

And herds are munching that they helped to earn :

The meek-eyed kine ; and offspring—as they bound

Just yielded into life : their frolic spell

Is now : Soon kine, or toiling oxen found ;

Or briefer Destiny—we may not tell.

Servant to man they are ; yea, since his fall !

Behold luxuriant crops, with kernels swell ;

To give a purer food, more buoyant call ;

And fresher Inspirations, sense admit.

How beauteous, as Breezes wave o'er all ;

And varyingly shaded ; or are lit !

Their thrift delights ; the Husbandman spurs on,

With thankfulness, to fresher seed commit

To same luxuriant bosom. Yet, will con

That faithfulness in him distinction yields ;

With its degrees keeps pace, and waits upon.

Now, passed reposing, and the fresh ploughed fields ;

And woods before us, yielding to the breeze

With gracefulness. The jutting branch, there, shields



The songster's Progeny ; that, ill at ease  
     With our approach, will stretch its throat, and wing,  
     To win our eye ; for following to teaze.  
 Quiet thy throes, sweet bird ; not we, who bring  
     The murderous piece to crush thy nestling joys.  
     Rejoice thee their full strength ; for us still sing ;  
 Still woods melodious be, with their sweet noise.  
     Yet, have a care, with robbing thou not foil  
     The Husbandman's hard labour ; that alloys  
 His well-earned satisfaction for such toil :  
     Nay, may provoke to chase thee from thy home.  
     Go ; dig, like him, the insect-teeming soil ;  
 Or search, with thy keen eyes, where thickly gloam  
     Upon the forest tree ; or orchard's near :  
     Be friends with him ; or die ; or further roam.  
 Now, come where looms the hill, or mountain drear :  
     See it stretch up into the nether sky :  
     And gurgles rivulet at base,—so clear.  
 Here, woody Pastures trenching on, will try ;  
     And running cattle browse, and drink their fill.  
     Perchance, the Angler, here, we will see nigh ;  
 Is courting health ; and loves where all is still :  
     Or, ruder bred, enlivens Holiday.  
     The soothing, cheering find, go where ye will ;  
 The fretted soul, its fretting goes away :  
     The thoughtful, searching, calmness find, and spur :  
     The saddened feels of Hope the kindling Ray.  
 All will be blest—with Nature who confer ;  
     That is acquired, she moulds in pleasing train.  
     Wafting, unconsciously, till it transfer  
 The look above, and Soul, with gazing strain !

## CANTO XXV.

The voice of Materialism heard.—Protest against it.

Oh ! favoured, honoured, desecrated Earth !

We call on thee ; respond ! or, yet, protest !—

If so thou canst ; and grieving turn to mirth !

Or, heard I then thy voice ? and it profest

To string discoveries in order due ;

Of Science gist, with look of Science drest,—

Then did itself the crest of all indue :

Of Nature crown, far as developed yet !

Good Saxon speech in, this were somewhat new ;—

The Saxon staid is wont to pry, and fret,

And push his feelers out towards the strange ;

But not to darkly plunge in self-made net.

To take the isolated facts, and range ;

Nay, the Hypotheses, were worthy act ;

But not the meed of authorship to change.

Material Hypotheses ransacked

The Universe material, long since :—

It is so limited, its gist soon cracked :

Science is meant—doth Universe evince.

The Universe, one thing ; Science a second ;

Meaning what known of that ; and makes us wince

To comprehend,—before the half is reckoned.

Yet, leaped he Past, six thousand years,

Then, on indefinitely ; whence he beckoned

Us, to see an Angel rise,—next in the tiers !  
 Of Man's Creation in the Past, he mocks ;  
 Yet not, creating in the Future, fears.  
 He calls that Man's, not starting from the Rocks !  
 The Passed of others, only,—reproduced ;—  
 Except last Feature,—Reason, Knowledge, shocks !  
 We count Analogy nought but traduced  
 By such deductions. Reasonable stride  
 Of Faculties we have,—from that produced  
 Infer Creator : if diversified,  
 If Elements appear to be diverse,  
 Then, neither,—or the Higher Deified.  
 With equal Evidence, we two rehearse ;  
 Spirit, and Matter ; and the Higher first.  
 Spirit will wield, collect, recount, disperse ;  
 Matter hath no volition ; Spirit will burst,  
 It will, the close, or farthest limits fixt ;  
 Matter obeys an impulse ; and a thirst  
 Imprest,—inseparably intermixt.  
 Spirit hath Freedom ; Matter none at all ;  
 But alway acts some Cause and End,—betwixt :  
 In short ; there is the Thrall'd, and holds in Thrall ;  
 The acted on, and that upon it acts ;  
 Effect, and Cause,—that Deity we call.  
 Both, our Perceptions take ; both in us wax ;  
 Matter we see ; Spirit, we see it not ;  
 The Blind perceives, and both of them attacks.  
 The Eye may see ; the Mind unties the Knot :  
 Man qualified—the worlds to comprehend !  
 Nought else around—may quit its circle, spot.

The Earth, and its contents assistance lend,  
 Man to develope in his noble Parts.  
 Fitted, on him, the animals to tend ;  
 He needs conveniencies, from time he starts :  
 It is designed,—a pleasant life he lead :  
 Lessons, the Earth, in all its spheres, imparts :  
 He is a Student ; studies they to read :  
 Each one exhibited in every stage,  
 That he may mount, like stairs,—grow from the seed.  
 Yon worlds, that shine so far—his widest Page—  
 A visible Infinity appoint :  
 Formed of minutest Elements, engage  
 Thought traverse either way,—no resting point  
 To overtake. Their Harmony complete,  
 With love of it, and unity, anoint.  
 But what ! that Higher Being, we intreat ;  
 What lacks ? save Immortality,—he strips ;  
 And learning ; tho, in this, he deem replete,—  
 Save aught accrue,—were worthy of our skips.  
 Our scope of Faculties, hath he, then, etched ?  
 Hath marked the Boundary of Freedom's trips ?  
 Of Form more Beauty, hath conceived, or sketched !—  
 Presumptuous ! thy peevish thoughts to fling  
 Incongruous—before thy wing yet stretched !  
 Not such, oh ! Earth, thy conscious voice would bring—  
 Response from Bosom of the deep-gone Past !—  
 A futile, superficial thought—would string  
 Our cognizances in one line—to last !—  
 Apart from Revelation, we may pose  
 One Theory ; all comprehending, vast :

A God, creating all ; and all things knows !  
     The Universe will tell no tale of chance ;  
     Nor may eliminate—a Mind that glows.  
 Matter, a plastic Element, to glance,  
     Retreat, repelling ; or, attracting, hold  
     Together ; by such Principles enhance  
 Itself,—intelligently stamped of old ;  
     The whole consistently : God, that ordains ;  
     Matter, ordained material for mould  
 In every form ; of World, or Dust, or Brains :  
     Existing, of Existence must have law,—  
     Inert, or moving ; tie, by which remains  
 Subject to the Ordainer ; by which, draw  
     He may its course, know it fulfil what meant ;  
     Nor vary in its function, by a straw :  
 Or by it, may ; or others with it blent,  
     Produce Phenomena ; effects diverse :  
     Or, through their gifted action, by them, spent ;  
 Eccentric tho they seem, of true reverse :  
     Yet, nought of Freedom do they ever share,  
     Disturbing Harmony of Universe.  
 Intelligence—o'errules space everywhere,  
     And all its orbs ; yet is not them : we see  
     Existences aside ; and such we are ;  
 And characteristic, new ;—We are Free !  
     Study the Works of God, oh ! man ; they made  
     For this !—and other Purpose we agree :  
 Destined, or, are—for Freedom's Sons arrayed !  
     Thy Thought dwell on their Spectacle sublime ;  
     Waiting may be ; yea ! see the Wish betrayed  
 We would make haste ; wind up the Ferring Time !

## CANTO XXVI.

Some consideration of the Marriage Institution.

Oh! favoured, honoured, desecrated Earth!—

Nay, now, we will approach thy one fair spot ;

The Well of Joys, of Life ;—the Household Hearth !

This—fundamental Base of Mortal Lot.

Oh ! yes ; what sanctuaries multiplied,

Where sweet affections nursed, in cradle, cot.

The Earth, with Beauty all diversified,

Teeming with offerings ;—made to be posset :

Behold the Man—Possessor ;—to be tried !

Vast is his Kingdom—lying in his Breast.

His sway is absolute ; he may dictate,

And bind the Elements,—nor they protest ;

Or, unavailingly, resist their Fate !

But, Servants they ; in Homage they delight :

They tend upon him ; girt him round in state ;

For Pleasure, Sustenance, exert their might.

They spread a lofty entertainment round ;

To take, enjoy,—how winningly invite !

For Rest, Activity, they pause, or bound

To wait on him ; or, Volunteers, display

Their energy to serve, delight, astound

With wonder : then retire, betimes, away.

He—hath a deeper world than them ; will cloy

Not, nor will tire :—Love holds perpetual sway !

Dwells in his contemplations ; thrills with joy ;  
     Slacks not with day ;—triumphs through very night :  
     Nor darkest, spreads its mantle, may alloy.  
 Love builds, enchains, with strongest ties unite  
     The Sentient—two in one. Hence, spring the ties  
     We now contemplate ;—not to picture—quite—  
 In all their fulness. Language still denies,  
     Tho old and copious, expression meet  
     Of so ethereal subject ; that still flies  
 The Grasper ;—coyish, yields,—when we entreat :  
     Vouchsafes, in coming ;—dies, if we would seize.—  
     Such showings, then, we gather up, and treat.  
 The Family,—contains what most may please  
     On Earth : a nursery of pure delights,—  
     And virtue ; without virtue, they will phreeze !  
 Virtue, their offspring, too ; and all our Rights ;  
     Or call them obligations that we feel,  
     In double sense,—to pay, receive their rites.  
 Without these, all our hearts, like frost, congeal ;  
     Or gelid torpor fastens on, and binds ;—  
     In them—consists the Earthly Human Weal.  
 How sweetly, Love to imperfections blinds ;  
     And sense of common lot, dependence, stirs  
     To Sympathy ; bids soothe the weight that grinds,  
 And fretting Care ; draws nettles from the burs  
     We oft lay hold of, grasping for the fruit  
     So plenteously offers—World that whirls  
 Around ; and, ceaseless, tempts to some pursuit.  
     In counsel—Wisdom rests ; that better guides  
     Our steps, threading a wary world astute.



Where, find disinterested, then, or sides  
     Purely in interest with us ?—oh ! look  
     To your Sweet Bosom friend.   At Home—she bides ;  
 Nor feels the wayward bias in such nook :  
     Sheltered from fitful Blowings of the gale  
     Delusion drives ; or interest :—a Book  
 Of unalloyed counsel.   This avail !  
     And have, with hers, discretion double freight ;  
     To steady, help—through crooked channels sail.  
 Counsell'd in Wisdom,—was the Marriage State :  
     More we consider it, more it persuades  
     Of all its Beauty ; tempts us to dilate.  
 When, thickly, Darkness, brooding, through pervades  
     Th' Horizon Moral of this world ; or agitates  
     Spirit anarchical through lower grades  
 Of men's societies ; divers yoke grates :  
     Of one Oppression ; or a loose sense wakes  
     It to activity : then it debates  
 Not, nor its course deliberately takes :  
     It operates, or tends to bring—some change :  
     Its thirst for Revolution grows,—not slakes :  
 Till all throughout, through Holiest it range.  
     It spills its cup of Happiness ; nor stops  
     To urge still onward ; tending to derange  
 Society in Structure ;—and its Props :  
     Aiming to level, pull the whole away :—  
     Of all the Past,—would crush the hard earned crops ;  
 Then, fancying—a Perfect to array.  
     The Wise, the downward tendency discerns,  
     Remembering each Tale of other day ;—

Back, till Destruction baffles him that learns ;—  
 So utter that ne'er Record could remain.  
 Deeply, therewith his inmost Soul concerns ;  
 The thought of his own children wakes a Pain !—  
 Throes, now, Religion ! and the marriage tie,  
 Some fritter would ; and others would—it slain !  
 Tho few—its Beauty, Sacredness, deny.—  
 What mean this dight apparel, sweetly chaste ;  
 And treadings soft ; and gentle cares that ply—  
 Within my friend's abode ? Nor yet with haste ;  
 Nor aught confusing ; neither, Mirth's gay mood ;  
 Nor yet, the Sombre enters there,—to waste !—  
 Nor missing, yet, slight tendency to brood.  
 They consummate some youthful loves, I ween,  
 To day ; long counted on, and understood ;  
 Had been assented to ; with pleasure e'en ;  
 But, then,—the sacrifice seemed far away.  
 Ripens the Pledge ; nor may he come between  
 That gave : He will fulfil it, too, the day !—  
 That waxes on. Behold the cherished Friends ;  
 A few of them : They stand, just as they may,  
 To keep a look of Group apart ; that sends  
 Each heart, and thought, or on, or backward far ;  
 With keenness—Sentiment th' occasion lends.  
 The Bride at Head ; looking the Morning Star ;  
 Serene and pure ; and soon confines its Rays  
 In its own orb. Deep feeling may not mar ;  
 But shows in the Expression,—in its ways :  
 Compressed the lips at times ; and slightly pale :  
 Ah ! she will bless with whom she shares her days.

He stands beside ; his firmness may avail

In smothering deep emotion, somewhat, now :

To burst more keenly out—behind the veil.

Save to admire, our space will not allow,

Th' attendant maidens wait, support the Bride ;

And, each, the Groom, peculiar Page endow.

But, who much interests, stands now aside :

To-day, of other gain,—he counts for loss :

To-day, the Branch from Stem is severed wide !

The fibrous ties still cling ; emotions toss !—

Thus, strong affections will to severance yield,

Rift with their Roots, and interlacing moss !

Transplant now half—to thrive in fallow-field.

A Mother lives in her affections ; oft

These will encounter woundings ; nought may shield

In all Life's turnings. See in her a soft

Expression of resigning ; with it mingle

Varying sensations ; springing aloft,

A Prayer, for Blessedness no longer single

Of her sweet child ; fancying what new joys

Await, or trials, vexing, or to tingle.

Swiftly, her thought will travel ; nor alloys

In view of all. But now, the Priest, the while,

Nor tarries, nor in his vocation toys.

The Bonds, responded to, were, without guile :

They are pronounced no longer two, but one :

A union blest, for many a day, and mile.

Fervent congratulations next, well won

By sweet deportment, temper, budding grace

Of Heart, and Mind,—throughout, enlivening, run,

Her character ; and eloquent—in face !—  
     A joyous treasure in my memory—that !  
     That countenance, known then, before, hath place  
 In all my Future : survive it will ; combat  
     Each dark despondence when they may intrude  
     In my reflections on this mortal state.  
 Oh ! beautiful these ties ; Polished or Rude  
     Partake in them, if Virtue still inspire ;  
     If not, true Happiness will still elude  
 Our search ; Consumes—in wild, libidinous Fire !  
     Still may they crown, and Sanctify our Bliss !  
     Still, Social Life in Sanctity attire !  
 Enduring Innocence still thrill Love's Kiss !

## CANTO XXVII.

Heathenism.—We are not without a tendency to same, in these days.

Recruited now, perchance, we may return,  
     To view the desolate old Heathenism ;  
     Like disinterring some old mouldering urn !  
 To plunge in, this dark Chaos seems abysm ;—  
     Yet, was it of Man's courting. First, he fell  
     From Knowledge of the One God ; Man's first schism,  
 And the worst ;—Impulse feeling then, to tell  
     His Sin, or Grief, or Love, to some Supreme,  
     Or many, Beings ;—as he learned to spell ;  
 He naturally passed to next extreme ;—  
     Each effluence from God then Deified :  
     The One, alone they saw not ; nor did dream.

Yet Reason ne'er begot, nor certified  
     Such scheme ; it could not : thus ensues it grew  
     From grovelling apprehensions, magnified,  
 Growing in divers brains. They feared ; nor knew  
     Or what, or why ; or gratefully they felt  
     The weight of obligation to ensue  
 On some achievement cherished ; then they knelt  
     In transient thankfulness. Disaster, tho,  
     Would make them fear ; their abject spirit melt  
 Within them ;—dread of Power they did not know  
     Took hold of them. Refining onward thence ;  
     Their Passions figured Gods with every glow.  
 They personated each idea, and sense ;  
     In each distinct indulgence, and Conceit.  
     Same would arrive, within same time from hence ;  
 Forsaking Truth as they did. It were meet,  
     Almost, the darkening shadows just to trace,  
     By which it happened ;—and we might repeat.  
 Of Reason Pith, gives one God, not a Race ;  
     Our Faculties to this conclusion send  
     Their concentrated flash ;—and far in space,—  
 Throughout ; nay, doth, exclusive, comprehend.  
     Rejected this ; or seeming too remote ;  
     Abject, before a multitude we bend ;—  
 To Gods, or Devils ; equally devote.  
     A few, may refuge take in Future Nought,  
     While steadies Doggedness such empty Boat ;  
 But that will fail, like all by aught is wrought.  
     Such Boat, inherent impulse will not waft ;  
     Nor self-maintains, or builds ;—it must be taught ;

Nay, on himself each hath it to engraft ;  
     That then essays to teach. Delusion all ;  
     And despicable, pitiable craft.  
 Not this, but Heathenism did befall,  
     Ruling the nations with a divers yoke ;  
     Nor scarcely divers less, howe'er we call  
 The crude Imaginings—in which men cloak  
     The Deity in attributes. The same,  
     One, true, and ever-living God, He spoke  
 At first ; and on Mount Sinai ; in the flame ;  
     In Thunderings resounding ; and with awe  
     The chosen People, trembling, thither came :—  
 They fearfully, too, led,—to take the Law :  
     As erst not, simply thou shalt do the Good !  
     Alas ! this unintelligible, raw ;  
 Specific prohibitions understood  
     Alone, of vicious Practices contracted ;  
     Enjoined performances just as they stood  
 In Ritual Specific then redacted ;  
     And in the Womb, and till decrepit age  
     Prescribed with duties ; vices counteracted.  
 Yet, He reveals Himself ; and would engage  
     Them to contemplate, in their thoughts, the True,  
     The One, and Living God : Stoops to assuage  
 The stern requirements ; gentleness endue ;  
     Proclaiming all His Goodness :—in reserve,  
     Until they might receive, it might imbue.  
 Precious those lessons. Why then, they not serve  
     For us ; before we reach such degradation.  
     Prime Goodness, Conscience, might alone preserve

In Man's first essay : now, we have relation  
 Of his Errors, Fall,—lighting us the way :  
 Studying them, discover true causation  
 Of the harrowing Past. Knowledge of this Day,  
 However copious, thus, mostly, gained.  
 Their Errors teach ; from going, keep, astray.  
 Passed Moral Track of Man is staked, and chained ;  
 The fall, then rise ; the way, the cause, effect ;  
 We see all clearly ; e'en the swamped is drained.  
 Causes we see, and tendency direct ;  
 Traced, too, their operation to result.  
 Here find, then, perfect Knowledge—who reflect.  
 Deem not First Cause from Primal Man occult ;  
 'Twere begging Case confuted by us erst ;  
 He lost it at some date,—Mankind adult ;  
 But his Predicament then of the worst ;  
 Or when first found—this miserable case.  
 Next : Record of its fresh Revealing first  
 Salutes us, founding Israelitish Race ;  
 And, notably, when Bondage from Redeems ;  
 And meets in Desert, almost Face to Face.  
 Transcendent lessons there, and Primal gleams  
 Are rayed ; renewed ; with circumstances fit  
 The Purpose—to re-light on Earth pure beams  
 Of Truth : fit, yea, profoundly fill our Wit  
 To judge such Case ; (not lightly here we speak ;)  
 And here, One, but One God afresh is writ ;  
 In heart, and graved on Stony Tablets weak :  
 Portrayed in Attributes that fill the stretch  
 Of all our seeking ; more—the more we seek.



From out old Heathenism, then, we fetch  
     The argument, to it descends mankind  
 From Knowledge of the True ; then, soon, the wretch  
 Becomes ; Victim of Error ; Wreck of Mind.  
     The longing, inexpressibly, still feels  
     For that was lost ; his feelers puts behind,  
 If, haply, he may catch some shadow steals  
     Through the Darkness ; in Consciousness still flits :  
     Then each builds such, his Want, or Passion heals.  
 Cleaves to one True, the man who hath his wits,  
     Believes not more ; this will apply to know—  
     With earnestness. Not yet, tho, it befits  
 Us to come down descent of Time, so low.  
     There are some tendencies abroad, would lead  
     To degradation,—whence we climb like Slowe.  
 They would light Future ! yet, the Past not read,  
     They take no observation of our Place :  
     Our log of longitude, Position, never heed :  
 Reject Past Wisdom ; rush on,—to debase !

### CANTO XXVIII.

The subject pursued.—Wickedness is thankless.—Excellence of Good-  
     ness.—Motives to Virtue.

What Consolation lies—in Wicked Ways ?  
     Virtue ; how beautiful,—in joy ; distress !  
     Sorely, of Wickedness remembrance stays ;  
 Virtue, Remembrance cherishes—to bless.  
     How, visionary Grandeur fades from sight !  
     Virtue ennobles,—tho in humble dress ?

What do we, yet, pursue—with all our might ?—  
     In yon dark days,—what stimulus to strive ?  
     Beyond the Styx, imagining some slight  
 Repose ; Striving beset with, while alive.  
     Wandering their Penalty, if aught neglect  
     In dying Rites ; Rest, hoped then, in that dive !  
 Peace the Soul asks ; for if we well reflect,  
     Identity preserved—involves no change.  
     Heaping of Strife, were easy to select,  
 For Pagan ; yielding him to Fancy's range :  
     Or charmed them Peace ; or lukewarm State  
     They deemed it there ;—from Action far estrange !  
 What were it ever made them think, or prate  
     Of things—so quite without Earth's cognizance ?  
     That they believed, we know ; but in what rate ?  
 Of Prime Belief,—the shade, appurtenance.  
     We speak of Ages, now, whose Records reach us ;  
     For, left, for Man's own prying out, in durance,  
 First comers surely found, and would it teach us.  
     Instruction brighter grown, as ages flown ;  
     To heed it, yet, the flown, in vain, beseech us.  
 Future thus taught ; or has from instincts grown :  
     In either case, revealing of our Maker.  
     Whence, ever came Debasement ; with it strown  
 Each gift ; acquirement—with it were partaker ?  
     Bright sparklings, now, are seen ; came from the ashes  
     Of the foregone Past ; foregone erst Wise-acre :  
 Humanity hath ay emitted flashes :  
     Impregnate, thus, Man's Nature we deduce ;  
     Nor with Revealed—Antiquity now clashes.

Let us to both them give a present truce.  
     Deep in our Nature, Sentiment implant  
     We are Immortal ; surely, will conduce  
 For somewhat ; some efficacy we grant  
     It, as computing ; weighing in the scale—  
     Motives to act directly,—or aslant.  
 Beings, we are, of motives : they avail  
     To guide our steps ; impel us, or arrest ;  
     We may, too, cherish,—or may leave grow stale.  
 The Slur of all Past Time ; always confest,—  
     That men fall underneath their Bosom's Promptings !  
     Deeply, in us, this consciousness imprest ;—  
 Nor rigidity this slackens of accomptings :—  
     Conscience still registers, tho we forget,  
     The shades and depths of failings—yond our comptings.  
 In fact ; supineness will the tendency abet  
     To ill-starred Practices, to end of Days :—  
     Our capital on interest not let.  
 We have emotions ; each of which repays,  
     In present satisfaction, and remembrance ;  
     Interest, and fund, and other outlays ;—  
 Always secure, beyond of Danger semblance ;  
     Enriching come back, even tho repelled.  
     The Mind's, with Heart's expandings, have resemblance ;  
 Working not without profit. How oft quelled  
     They notwithstanding are ; when they would spring  
     Upon these useful errands : still with-held,  
 Indifferent-inert-ly in, with string.  
     But know, oh ! man, with such means we enrich  
     Ourselves ; or heavy condemnation bring

Upon us ; failing Future life to hitch

In shadowy softness on to this : or worse ;

Grim Death will come ; haggard, lean-faced, to witch  
Away, or all our sweet impromptings curse.

Oh ! I would build the inner-man, make thrive

In his Possessions ; sedulous disburse,

And in such profitable Business drive.

Such Riches are in Inventory cast

Above ; go with us ; help to keep alive.

Feel ye not strength, ye dying ones, hold fast

Within ye, from in-gathered virtue's store ;

Now, term of letting, by conditions, past ?—

What do we treasure most, in days of yore ?

What fascinates, amid its arid waste ;

And all the rest—but makes the Heart feel sore ?

Virtue's strong touches—Time hath not erased,—

Nor whelmed Iniquity—beneath its mass :—

Darkness of this : oh ! how it hath effaced

Memorials ; disdaining, Time would pass ;

Nor load, to crush with loathsomeness, his wing.

In fact ; the gleams of virtue, tinging the morass

Of wickedness in crests would upward spring,

From agitating Elements evicts ;—

Ah ! they, alone, the scraggly Record bring :

For them, alone, Thought painfully conflicts

With Sentiment ; and full of Horror threads

The dreadful tale ; and recreant—convicts

Yon Past to all its high behests ! yet sheds

The Heart a tear, and inward trembling feels

For that came after ; wonders, if it steads

Up man's appointment better !—Dread congeals  
     Its sensibilities ; takes hold—despair,  
     Viewing accounting—Judgment Day reveals :—  
 Of Time's reportings—winding up affair.  
     I would advise ye, friends, that ye acquaint  
     Yourselves at intervals, with thoughtful care  
 To take their lesson, with the Rests, tho faint,  
     Of early Times ;—to look at leaves of story  
     Spreading in brightness out, as newly paint,  
 Beneath th' Omniscient eye,—from time most hoary.  
     Perchance, your Thought of His forbearance will  
     Enhance,—that from unutterable Glory,  
 He could look ; and tolerate it still ;  
     On all the Prostitution of his Loans  
     To man ;—Creature contrived, in-breathed with skill  
 To life ; yet were but dying flesh, and Bones,  
     To send their putrid loathsomeness on High.  
     What had there been ; what future yet—atones  
 These horrors ; yields us, still, complacent sky :  
     That, yet, emboldens skirting Fear to vaunt ;  
     And Wickedness to stalk—in places dry !  
 Behooves, retire within Thought's secret Haunt ;  
     Behold the man, with Freedom, gift to act  
     His will : see nought then imbecilely daunt  
 In exercise of it ; or counteract  
     Its going forth,—fulfilling its avail :  
     Nor mingles Heaven with, to speed, contract  
 It on the way : solely, effects that trail  
     Behind, it notes ; and keeps of all account :  
     Forewarned, too, this,—as motive to prevail,

Or have some influence with man, at fount  
 Of life. Yet, doth It live ; its Purpose waits  
 For due fulfilment. Days, and years may mount  
 With fearful reckoning,—spinning future fates ;  
 The End He knows ; Freedom will justify  
 Its Trust to man ; and He then reinstates  
 In blissful Happiness, on Earth,—in sky !

### CANTO XXIX.

The return to Wickedness after the Deluge.—How the Deluge might reasonably have tended to influence Mankind.—What Heaven delights in—its commiseration for its Children.—Propriety of due consideration before we act.

Behold the deluged Earth new populate !  
 We will believe (not count it mere surmise)  
 The vive impressions ; Beings animate,  
 All Being crushing, falling, not to rise  
 (Or with the most appalling circumstance)  
 Again ; would make, impressing to be wise  
 In Future : how linger in remembrance  
 The surging waves, with carcases bestrewed ;  
 Of loveliness, and strength, in Death—the Remnants :  
 Their Towers of Mightiness way swept and hewed ;  
 Toppling, then slumping in the vast abyss  
 Of waters : Scoffs—so utterly subdued,  
 With dread Grimaces, in the sucking hiss  
 Of rushing whirlpool through each rocky cleft ;  
 Commissioned to destroy, destroy, nought miss

Through all that deluged World : all, all bereft  
     Must be ; each vestige, trace, of life, and art ;  
     One sole surviving Family just left,  
 And seed of brute creation, for fresh start  
     Of man's career :—we will believe, I say,  
     Such memorable lesson not depart,  
 Forthwith, from Recollection,—in a day !  
     Fail tho, our Records of details precise :  
     Nay, show us, next,—man gone, again, astray !  
 Nor yet forgotten had ; They plot device  
     To stay destruction—deemed again their due !  
     Faithless, perchance, the Deluge not come twice ;  
 Tho Heaven vouchsafed assurance. They renew,  
     Yea, they renew the Practices of old :  
     But to particulars we have no clew.  
 We must take up with vestiges we hold,  
     Proving the fact, commencing when it might ;—  
     Iniquity new-prevalent, and bold ;  
 Sweeping the Good before it ; and the Right.  
     Futility of Punishment, thus shown,  
     To crush its spreading tendency ;—or blight.  
 We may not doubt, this well before were known :  
     Freedom may not be driven ; solely led.  
     From view of Punishment, some motive grown,  
 We may allow in Reason ; thus is shed  
     Full light on motive in th' Omniscient Mind,  
     Impelling to ordain example dread,  
 For future generations ; all mankind :—  
     And stamp, Retributive, more on our sense.  
     Destruction overwhelmed them, from behind ;



But moves to Good, in all the Future tense.

Yet, may it not compel ; nor thus was meant :

Only the Free-will offering contents ;

Vain, Service, or the Prayer, by Fear is spent.

Benign Heaven's rule, and just ; oh ! it deserves,

And such alone deserves, the fullest vent

Of all our noblest love : such, only, nerves,

With the whole soul, the offering we would bring

To altar—on the Majesty of Heaven serves.

What passingly endearing ties, then, cling

Between the Parent, Branch : and Holy leaven

Gently agitates, and spreads its soothing

Through the trembling Heart !—Such, erst, th' Eleven

Moved, beyond all showing ; in that dark hour,

At feast of Passover, fourth day of seven ;

When soon the Prince of Darkness loosed with Power

To wreak Iniquity men might conceive ;

(But quick recoil the craven world, and cower.)

The soothings then, of Faithful Souls that grieve,

Reveal the depth and tenderness of ties

Binding the Earthly children that believe

To one Blest Father ; Brother ; in the skies.

Language developes, there, its full exuberance

For utterance of Pathos ; or denies

For aught availment ; but of sounds extuberance ;

For booming forth of Vanity adept,

And Evil humours swelling to protuberance.

Such is indeed. The seedling,—Jesus wept,—

Ingraft within us ; how, it doth surpass

In its still workings, till it intercept

The covert Evil—leavening else the mass.

Oneness is God ; even, alway, His ways ;

Man makes the crookedness ; he blurs the glass,

That, then, Perceptions crookedly conveys.

The Deluge, all the Past, are lessons heaped,

Wisdom all teeming with,—yet who obeys !

What fruit therefrom, or who hath wisdom reaped !

Light of this age—not that ; but fresh light shed

From Heaven,—on a world in Darkness steeped !

Each Generation starts, as tho it led :

In vain, Experience ; cumulative lights

Seem not to penetrate, or serve instead ;

Each must its own exert, fly its own kites !—

In action, useful, needful, find we guides ;

As on we stalk, and Disappointment bites ;

But the full lesson get not—till life glides

Away ; or hies far onwards to decline.

Yea, needful for the mind, it is besides,

Nay, even more, the o'erlaid Past to mine ;

Build Theory from all its seams, and Faults ;

Thus mould itself—with many a precept, line.

Precious each early day, the Youthful halts ;

And wonders why, and what his Purpose, here !

And scans the multitudes, before him waltz

Adown th' Historic field of by-gone year :

Viewing, first, separately ; then in masses ;

Each age apart ; and then how all appear

Together ; now what soothes, what now harasses :

Coupling the issues with their Prime beginnings,

And watching, well,—each series that re-passes.

Such, well were envied for his early winnings !  
 Keep now Distinctions well, my youthful friend ;  
 Now, would—we might exchange our youthful sinnings !  
 Not, that I wish thee worse,—mine own would mend.  
 For Individual, or for Community :  
 Study the Past, I say : well apprehen !  
 Its lesson : of worst ills—then have immunity !  
 But if, like most of us, ye will persist ;  
 Will have your way ; know,—not so with impunity ;  
 Hear, then ; “ oh, in my Youth—had I but wist ! ”

### CANTO XXX.

The Grievings of the Ethereal Beings at Man's Perverseness.—Their  
 Communings together.

Oh ! ye Pure Heavens ! all in stillness shrouded ;  
 Sunlit, serene, ethereal expanse ;  
 Or with rebelling mists, alternate clouded :  
 Where hid, ye Powers, where stay ye as in trance !  
 How look on us with Sympathy or Ire ;  
 With Pity, Sorrow, fraught your casual glance ;  
 And Hope near dies ;—or lights—Prophetic Fire :  
 Or Reason finds,—stretching far on its train !  
 Yon gracious Spirits,—reck not ! or retire  
 Away ;—that they catch not infecting stain !  
 Freedom it is,—forbids they interfere !—  
 Inert before, their yearnings must remain.  
 Oft, tho, in tears th' Angelic look suffuses ;  
 Nay, loudly forth th' embosomed grief will plain,  
 And Consolation, for a space, refuses ;—

Contemplating our sad estate ; and errings.

Amazement—their Perceptions, nigh, confuses,

Our stoopings with to Evil ; and deferrings.

Oh ! they, the heights and depths, ne'er had they proved ;

Nor they—imagined scale of our incurrings !

Behold yon group, e'en now with anguish moved ;

And each the other plies, with earnest look

For some consoling ;—turning back—commoved

The more. Scarcely, their pent-up feelings brook

Retention. Oh ! ye Spirits ! ye amaze

With our departings ! Ne'er, then, ye forsook

The strictest line of goodness ? Ne'er your ways

Were erring ways ? Had ye not Freedom, then ?

If then with Freedom,—what from erring stays ?

Yet, list we to communings,—not of Men,

Tho of our Fellows ?—Now,—thy very wrestling,

Oh ! thou truthful Spirit, strive agen

Within me ; chase delusions from their nestling ;

The clinging, filmy webs of sense—way sweep ;

Gird me with Might of Truth ; not Fancy's cest-ling ;

The Mystery of Faith within me creep ;

Waft me afar, on high, in other regions ;

Breathe on me there,—that I still live ;—faint not,

Tho visions rush on me ; sweet sounds in legions ;—

Nay, tho the Highest dwell there,—tho man paint not :—

“ Where now the voices, erst so cheered misgivings

Fore-depicting Evil ; bidding attain not

Ever-living Wisdom ; or ever livings

Of it—through its effluences. Indeed,

We do believe, nor limit its forgivings

Of the Erring ; or that Finite need,  
     We doubt it not,—oft as they newly sped  
     In fresher Being. Yet, whither, now, lead  
 On our thoughts ? How, remote conjecture shed ;  
     Or long deduction of our Reason trace  
     Such clew ; by which through labyrinths we led  
 Like this ? The very points seem to efface,  
     Where marked the lines of Goodness for return  
     From Evil ! How Pollution, e'en through Grace,  
 Of such deep dye obliterate ; and turn  
     To Purity the inbreathed soul—so stained ?  
     Grace wills through all ; but love of it must burn,  
 Yea, love of Him dispenses it,—in Heart, ingrained ;  
     Must purify ; and Purity consist  
     In fullness—just as though it ne'er had waned :  
 And must maintain, too, fully ; must exist—  
     Forever after. How then operate  
     Such miracle ? My hope doth now desist,  
 And faint within me. How extenuate ;  
     How, ever, purge, efface such stains away,  
     And durable Holiness renovate ?”  
 Thus the ardent ; going as wont astray ;  
     Springing to full conclusions, at first sight.  
     Yet, grieving feels, and soft emotions sway  
 His Bosom ;—pricking him to ask for light.  
     Now, other voice proceeds to utter its dejection ;  
     The thoughtful, fortified with inner might,  
 Weighing each issue well before rejection ;  
     Listing, willingly, to others' meditation ;  
     Still chewing, conning o'er its own reflection :—

" Oh ! that I might perceive, might have relation  
 Of His ways ; seeking, through all surmisings,—  
 Where should His Glory lie ; where find its station !  
 Whence—to repair these mischiefs, spring sufficings ?  
 ; hall seed be sown, and Evil grow abounding ?—  
 What consequences build—from such premisings ?  
 Nought, to my apprehension, but confounding.  
 We look for Remedy, but days are passing !  
 Nay, years but aggravate ; and seem compounding  
 Mischiefs more complicate, and more harassing.  
 Oh !—might we yield them our sweet counselling !  
 Show them—how Goodness in its fruits surpassing,  
 Nay, its dispending grateful is,—yond telling.  
 The very Spectacle of Evil harrows ;  
 Our Soul shrinks trembling back in its own dwelling ;  
 The Spirit quakes ;—as pierced with thousand arrows ;  
 The wounded Heart inflames, and chokes with swell-  
 Wasting aridity consumes the marrows ;                    [ing ;  
 Ceases the Consciousness its sparkling welling :  
 A blear and wasted Being, shorn of Beauty ;  
 Bound in a Prison ;—all without repelling.  
 Oh ! ye, more girt with Reason, versed in duty ;  
 Acquaint with Moral Mysteries, and prying  
 In deep things ; sweet friends, companions—this muti-  
 -Ny within my Bosom, hush, oh ! hush, applying  
 Counsel your deeper Comprehension lends."  
 That Soul, so sensitive, perplexes ; trying  
 To fathom depths—He solely comprehends ;  
 Who hath the issues in His keeping. Yet,  
 Such effluence of His nature He extends

To Creatures gift intelligent—abet,  
     Yea, spur their search ;—then they, inductive, find  
     The clew : that then, still threading on, they get,  
 At last, some inkling—e'en of th' Heavenly Mind.  
     Iniquity with Darkness strows the way ;  
     Or, the equivalent, it makes us blind.  
 In fine, these causes darken, both, th' advancing Day :  
     By which is meant,—Darkness accumulating  
     Day by day,—Man's Work.   Heavily, the Ray  
 That traverses, thence loaded ; darkly sating  
     It all prejudice, wilfulness, and fear  
     To see the light : thus bending to creating  
 Transverse Images, delusive : not clear  
     Objects,—each in its appropriate place.  
     Pure look, and Hope, then coming, all appear  
 Entangled in confusion ; scarce to trace  
     Beginning, end of each.   Purport of all,  
     Behooves opinions—utterly efface,  
 Or balance in their scales ; that they not thrall,  
     Pending examination from the fount  
     Of substance they relate to ; thence to call  
 Upon the inner Powers ; bid them mount  
     Unfearing, buoyant,—traverse every where ;  
     Pause not digesting ; Memory will recount  
 At need ; or, to refresh, direct us—there ;  
     Straight to the spot—for somewhat calls us back.  
     Seek at the fount for all ; then may we dare  
 At length on Darkness make a fell attack !



## CANTO XXXI.

The Ethereal Beings continue to discourse.—An excellent Spirit takes the stand.—He reviews the Conditions of the Earthly Life.

Shrouded in glory ; in all bright apparel  
     Were those Spirits : Ethereal forms, recumbent  
     In full graceful postures ; (ne sans nonpareil  
 In Earthly groupings :—Truth is here incumbent :)  
     Girt they with tissues do not feel the Gravity  
     That keeps these shells in narrow Graves decumbent :  
 (But matter only—may affect such Pravity.)  
     Behold, in each expressive attitude,  
     The flexile form assumes, with gracious suavity,  
 To picture Sympathy, Solicitude ;  
     And in the countenance, Reflection knits  
     Deep thought, in-weaving with beatitude—  
 In divers : and in divers shades it sits,  
     In calmness of assurance ; tokening well  
     For us who wait, beholders ; nay, transmits  
 Assuaging comfort round : seeming to tell  
     Of some relieving for perplexing throes  
     That agitate them ; make their Bosoms swell  
 With various heavings ; as they now repose  
     In this or that—imprompt by feeling, action.  
     Oh ! who might paint—imagine ; who propose  
 Describing of that throng—with all Contraction !  
     Who, gift with apprehension here below,  
     To take the touches in,—through all refraction

Of our clogging ; clogged senses !—But, lo !

A voice—reverberating through the air ;

And, see,—each aspect kindles with expectant glow.

“ Oh ! friends ; your earnest looks betray the care

Disturbing preys on ye : Thus ye will list

With willingness to feeblest speech—may dare,

In venturous boldness, may be, to assist

In such dilemma ; far as may comport

With weightiness of matters, dark and trist,

Now in deliberation. Such report

Extreme we have ; such miserable scenes

Of sickening debasement, as deport

Men now ; not strange, indeed, if somewhat weans

Of their complacency, regards—too blest

Were else,—and then attraction over-leans.

Needful it is ; as once explained,—they rest

Apart. Single, or with their common aid,

Must they work out their way ; nobly contest,

Confront the temptings ; waive wherewith way-laid.

Attraction, yes !—how winning to the Good

That see the Bait ; but powerless is made ;

Attractiveness divested of : as would

Alway arrive—with simple, pure resolve

To cherish but the Good ; that understood

Would soon become, as Suns and Moons revolve,

By every new-breathed Soul—thus purely bent.

But, whither am I passing ? thus involve,

I may ye, in the maze of dark intent

That forms and grows in Beings—all awry ;

Tho with no impulse prime ; save, far as went,

It was to Good ; disturbing it—to fly.  
     Capacity for pure enjoyment—gift ;  
     Impulses towards it ; instinct to pry,  
 Or native Wisdom, call it ; wherewith sift  
     They might, from all that offers, purely—joy.  
     Yea, every thing doth offer to uplift,  
 Expand, enrich their Bosom ; with employ  
     Of Faculties—discriminating : seed  
     Of which, and forms, are given to deploy :  
 And lofty aspirations, that will lead  
     Upon the noblest track ; and will discern  
     Afar, afar ; and grow, and kindle ; greed  
 Still more, and more ; still stretching as they learn  
     A little : cumulating by degrees  
     A massive structure ; reaching even to kern  
 Minutely ; or encompass vasty leas  
     Spread out to cultivate ; enrich, with fruits  
     They thence in-gather,—sorting out at ease.  
 A noblest field they have ; and none computes  
     Its vastness : stretches to Infinitude !  
     And Happiness commensurate ; and suits,  
 Precisely, yonder Being's aptitude.  
     Behold him placed, in yon appareled sphere  
     Expressly fitted : see his attitude  
 In space on that Sweet Planet : how each year  
     He ranges through a copious universe,  
     Set out in pure, expansive æther, clear ;  
 Transmitting freighted Rays from orbs rehearse  
     Harmonious Parts : with soothing tinge of Blue  
     Invites his look ; impedes not ; nor transverse

Their light reflective travels ;—just as due ;  
 And in the swiftest time : or Primal light  
 From other Provinces ; to give them clew  
 To comprehend, there stretches, yond their sight  
 Distinctive, series of systems ; a few,  
 Or more, or without limit ; that they might—  
 Infinity,—by shades tenuous, view.  
 Incomparably, this, adapted plan,  
 With vastness, novel Beings to imbue ;—  
 Were else, for Finite, difficult to span.  
 Oh ! admirably fitted the contrivances  
 To wake, of Grandeur sense,—in infant man.  
 And so in every part. Thus the arrivances  
 The more perplex the thought will occupy  
 With them. Better, we turn, then to connivances,  
 The reasonable Hope will stultify,—  
 At first, to view them ; by which were frustate  
 The Pure design, the Bliss should fructify  
 From such endowings.” Pardon, if dilate  
 We now again on Theme of our fell woes,  
 Indulging this deep spirit to relate  
 Such thoughts he had in-gathered,—to his fellows :  
 That give meanwhile unflaggingly attention,—  
 Each fixt in place. Now, tho, each aspect mellow  
 With soft touches—too exquisite to mention.

## CANTO XXXII.

The Spirit continues.—He gives some account of Man's retrograde course.

“ I pray ye, now, sweet Spirits, to o'erlook ;  
 Nay, in advance, acknowledgiment premise  
 Of light struck out ; and I, with ye, partook ;  
 (Or of our Fellowship :)—deep seeings, wise,  
 Fore-uttered erst ; ere yet the Facts in light  
 Now Retrospect may view ; and Truth arise,  
 Comparatively, cheaply into sight :—  
 Fore-gone deduction ; and now verified.  
 For, such the Premises—just needful bright—  
 We trace the intricate till magnified  
 To spectre visible : of good portent ;  
 Or Evil ;—ominously classified !  
 Yea ; in their action, filling out their bent.  
 Aptly recalled, this may consoling yield ; —  
 Yon Miserable have not filled their stent.”  
 Sensation, here, pervades that camping field ;  
 And they revert their recollections back,  
 More freshly. Prophetisings now revealed,  
 In lively Images, along the track  
 They travel. Sympathy, indeed, had merged  
 The moments apprehending in the lack  
 Of Present Good ; felicity : and urged  
 O'erweeningly their full absorption, now,  
 With all the maladies afflicted, scourged

Their Fellow Creature. Pardon we allow  
 Ye, oh ! kind souls, of such sweet negligence :  
 Oh ! will ye hear ! to liken ye, we vow.  
 “ And, further, hear, that into diligence  
 I was awakened then ; and if for aught,  
 Companions dear ; if aught Intelligence  
 I have to trace these threadings ; or have caught  
 A fresher glimpse than ye, of that on-lies ;  
 Or meaning—from the lying backward taught ;  
 It is, I have considered ;—that which flies  
 In Time that is ; coupling with that is Past.  
 Ne’er, lesson of their tendency denies  
 Union so apposite, of Elements fore-cast  
 The Future : steadying, the former, Rest ;  
 By which conclude the Pointings of the last.  
 Mechanical proceeding this, at Best,  
 Ye deem ? But think ; (the moral we deduce ;)  
 Leavens the busy thoughts, the while, like yest,  
 The soul’s solicitude : they thus adduce  
 Some light, instructing, and upholding high  
 Upon its course : to give Mis-givings truce  
 Perpetual ; the startling to defy ;  
 Against despondency to build safeguard ;  
 Shut out insinuations sinuous, sly.  
 Pardon, I thus your curious wish retard  
 Such slight allaying, as my Thrift will speed  
 In all these connings. Fain, too, I would bard  
 With some caparison to hide its need,  
 The exposition—such as I extract :  
 Conclusion—whither such Reflexions lead.”

Thus carefully, he seeks to counteract  
     O'erweening tendency of anxious feeling  
     For specific cure. Yet, his words attract  
 Profound attention ; more and more ensealing  
     Them, in their fixt places : the while, in-moving  
     Such rigid lines sends forth—seem nigh congealing  
 Every countenance : nay, if self-reproving  
     May imingle, were not passing strange.  
     “ A Being gift like man—hath a behooving : ”  
 Thus he resumes ; “ inferior in range  
     To Him that gifts ; subordinate as well :  
     Nor may defer at pleasure, then may change  
 At beck ; nor impotently seek to swell  
     And measure him with who spake him to Being.  
     First fault,—not to obediently dwell :  
 Persisted in, keeps him, forever, fleeing  
     From his noble destiny :—In one line  
     They stand. What, then, obedience,—worth seeing.  
 Our Master-soul, constituent,—divine  
     Almost appears. Vainly imagine we,  
     In aught, its lacking of the superfine.  
 Susceptibilities the grasp ay flee—  
     Lie in that Bosom : Wondrous the agility  
     With which it executes : we may not see,  
 The Thought—can only guess at its facility.  
     Thus operating, it disdains th' impure ;  
     Debasing will reject ; and loathes servility :  
 Nought but the Beautiful, the Grand allure ;  
     These to pursue, will impulses obey :  
     Goodness—to Happiness the Path—is sure :



Obeying, yields to impulse then doth sway  
     Their Being ; forces of—momentum true,—  
     Imprest Omnisciently—to plough their way.  
 I grant, encounters come that might subdue  
     Them separately ; but, why, then, combat  
     In such style,—courting yielding will ensue.  
 Such, see obedience : no Tyrant's Fiat ;  
     Quite irrespective of capacity ;  
     With Penalties that Reason might outcry at :  
 Pure tendency, impelling with vivacity,  
     Reaping its Harvest as it onward goes ;  
     To Destiny ay tending—with tenacity !  
 Surely, ye feel this not a mere suppose :  
     Feel it within, a practicable thing ;  
     Deduced legitimately, as it rose  
 In progress of our Thoughts. That he might fling  
     His strength away : a single impulse urge  
     In disproportion,—granted : then would swing  
 At beck of this,—controlling him to scourge :  
     Wielding—to wreak its pleasure.” Here he pauses,  
     That good spirit ; taking Breath : thence emerge  
 He will,—elucidating Final causes.

## CANTO XXXIII.

Some reflections.—The Spirit resumes and further illustrates development of the Phenomena — pronounces the Tendencies to be mainly worthy of consideration.—He enters upon these—and, first, of the Physical Universe.

That term ; begotten in Man's disquisitions ;  
     Confounded oft with First ; looks still where tend  
     Our Errors : squaring with them requisitions ;—  
 Such, deems our Judgment, Harmony will lend  
     To, of Omniscience, all the dispensations.  
     The end not seeing, figure they, and spend  
 Their vanity devising compensations  
     Of the Ill that is ; showing Heaven just  
     Is, notwithstanding, with such condemnations  
 Shielded they from ; but not all mortal dust.  
     Gospel foundations we do not impugn ;  
     They are the Truth we cherish ; we entrust  
 Our hope in them, and firmly : but repugn,  
     Nay, oft degrade them some ; with illustrations.  
     With self-existent Evil they attune  
 Their reasonings, thence infer our degradations ;  
     Or take existent, from their senses, stopping  
     At that ;—yet build they still, without foundations :  
 All argument thus needs—against its dropping.  
     Evil in origin ; and how it stays  
     Was shown : and how it grows—all overtopping  
 On this orb. Sped conjecture then, to graze  
     Around our Vicinage ; to stay deductions  
     Founded on fabrics built in kindred maze.

Such then Evil, tracing through divers fluxions,  
 Our spirit should contemplate, as advancing  
 In his argument ; drift of his constructions :  
 Plodding indeed, and call not such Romancing.  
 Variety ay pleasing ; see yon throng  
 Now in new postures ; thoughtfully enhancing  
 As it seems : graceful yet ; but show they long  
 To penetrate ; and now are girt to take  
 Full drift of that, or touching right, or wrong,  
 Their Fellow brings,—their curious thirst to slake.  
 Meanwhile, he modestly forbears ; until  
 Their urgency compels him, for their sake.  
 “ Mournful the picture ; ah ! against my will,  
 Dear Friends, I dwell upon it ; nay, persuade  
 Myself full oft, complacently, such Ill  
 Sprung forth abyss ; or Demon in the shade,  
 Veiled from our apprehension ; haggard  
 Of aspect ; wo-begone ; wielding such trade  
 To drive existence ; veriest crawling laggard,  
 Skirking in night, haunting in old recesses ;  
 (Slouching, miserable, drivelling blackguard,—  
 Monstrous slang pictures Evil in such dresses :)  
 The dregs of former Universe dissolved ;  
 Refuse of olden moral some excesses ;  
 Fermenting then, into this shape resolved !  
 But this, in no way, would relieve the quandary ;  
 The question, tho, still further from, revolved :  
 It was no use to chase, extend the boundary.  
 Thus, to a true deduction quit of Bar,  
 I traced, subjected it to formulary

Recurs equivalently, near, or far ;  
     And multiplies to cumulating Power,  
     But, futile such Imaginings ; and mar  
 The field of contemplations. Let not cower  
     Such miserable Phantom ; Truth digest  
     Legitimately, tho it darkly lower  
 Upon ye ; Truth be known,—and be confest.  
     Gifts manifold enduing us, and man ;  
     Whose full combined momentum tells for best ;  
 Exerted separately, over-ran  
     Their several efficacy : then ensued  
     Disorder. The superficial—first began  
 This trouble : senses, should be quite subdued ;  
     Not act before the Faculties commend  
     Their Purpose ; or in-gathered of conclude  
 The tendency ; make them to comprehend ;  
     Then guide their action ; first usurped dominion.  
     Sore trouble hatched was, then. How hatchings tend  
 Ye know ; a Brood discrepant of Opinion  
     Spread forth, like Tares, through all that vacant mind ;  
     This—master should be—senses made—their minion.  
 Such start ! and miserable fruits behind :  
     Nor cure were there—unless experience teach.  
     How might this be ? Fretted, men sought to find,  
 With use of Faculties, excuse to reach  
     And justify their act. Senses are their's ;  
     They are responsible ; nor can impeach  
 Justice that holds them so. If grew the tares,  
     Mind had prevented—if its aid invoked ;  
     Allowed : but senses took it unawares.

Mind may not control ; just reasonably yoked  
     They are together ;—serving common Master.  
 Senses, with reclamation, soon provoked ;  
 Or Passions, leaguings with them, rise still faster :  
     Exalted Sentiment portray ; but Senses  
     Wrested them—to spur, and clarify their plaster.  
 Thus, may we see, prostrated all defences :  
     Experience pervert, to justify,  
     Not to reclaim the wrong, rebuild the fences.  
 Oh ! exquisitely strung to glorify  
     Its Maker, was that Harp of thousand strings ;  
     Or feel the thrill, vibrating, multiply  
 Pulsations tenuous,—like shaking things ;  
     Shooting the nervous through ; or veins ; or vein.  
     Debasements such, I found recur in rings,  
 Or series ; varying with the slackening rein,  
     Or tightening, of adversity, in turns ;  
     Wielding windingly alternate Reign ;  
 Yielding, parallelly,—Scrubs, and Ferns.  
     Spectacle late seen—looks like a climax ;  
     Yet, may there be—yet undeveloped Kerns,  
 That in developing make Parallax.  
     The Elements so vary, with combinings  
     Multiple ; Comprehensiveness they tax  
 To utmost ; sorely complicate refinings.  
     Yet, more than very actual Position,  
     Imports the tendency ; to what inclinings !”  
 Such Problem, unresolved, is our condition  
     In matters Physical ; the curved, direct :  
     We have a movement, token of rendition,

In some sense, to Power that may direct.

“ Here field, dear friends, will more than all perplex

This—the elaboratest Proposition

Found in Physical, or Moral Index :

Developments, and corollaries vast

Compose details ;—with multiple reflex.

What then the issue ? what result at last ?

Whither this tendency will lead, or end ?—

Proceed we studiously ; and not too fast.

One sole propose, I earnestly commend

To ye ; your own Reflections must persuade :

Each Thought—must singly penetrate ; and rend

Apart obscurities, of need, pervade

Such deep conclusions ; relatively deep,

When limited conceptions—seek to wade.

All,—Moral, Physical, divide, and sweep :

The Physical, comparatively simple.

Take, at Broad Universe, a single peep ;

What absolute repose ! without a rimple :

Movement in perfect Harmony for ages ;

Changes,—but as the Laws expand ; or crimple.

See we ought operate, in any stages,

Forthcoming Anarchy ? See ye it pushing ?

Or deem ye, ever Gravity enrages ?

Discern ye, where—stark Anarchy ambushing ?

Not possible such Enemy still skulking !—

Or legions of them—stealingly debouching !—

Reigns Harmony ! vivacious too, not sulking ;

Changes eliminates, but Harmony endures ;

Sparse elements chaotic—goes on hulking ;

With such assurance,—Confidence assures.

No doubt is left ; demonstrable forth peered

Long since :” Etched, late, on Earth, Man reassures.

One single tendency unknown appeared ;

Earth’s System—on, majestically moves !

One query ; were such movement to be feared !

“ Now pause we, showing Moral, next, like proves.”

### CANTO XXXIV.

The Spirits seem to have followed the Speaker.—Perceptible evidence in their looks.—He proceeds to the Moral Tendencies.—Difficulty of communicating on such Topic.—He argues from Harmony in Physical, to same in Moral—takes up the subject in earnest, which is not quite finished.

Breathless—those Spirits held were, for a space ;

Traversed, they had, our System round, and through,

And come diversely in from such far race.

Pauses th’ orator, that they refresh ; and chew,

A little, cud recurring,—thence relaying,

Sifted,—affording nourishment, and clew.

Their lovely forms, might we but see, betraying

Fluxions of Sympathy,—Beauty apace !

Rigidity veiling,—of lines portraying

Electrical action of Mind—till in face ;

But, in such event, then, will exemplify

The noble career—in weakness we trace.

Shades intermingling, component,—so fly

Effort distinguishing baffles to fix—

The Finite between, and Infinite ply :



The Material, Moral, resolve and mix ;  
     Union, or parting—Effect, Cause, affords  
     For own proper reflecting ; oft, too, prolix.  
 The treasures, thus see, we have in rich hoards ;  
     Our Soul, with each one, then undergoes thrill ;  
     Pricking, enchanting,—through piercing, like swords.  
 Yon auditory, now, behold ! They fill  
     The space (conterminously with just hearing)  
     Lies before ; resting freely, now hushed still :  
 And note, the numbers are of fresh appearing.  
     “ Dear Friends, I pray ye ; might I not demit  
     This higher theme, that fills me with infearing,  
 To some more gift among ye ; better fit  
     With transcendental strain.” Thus would defer  
     This Spirit grave, to transcendental Wit.  
 Gleaning with toil his lore ; prone to refer,  
     And fasten well that comes—to left behind,  
     Beyond the possibility to err :  
 Slow to communicate ; lest he may find  
     Somewhat unprobed ; some link with slightest flaw :  
     Yea, tho Truth cumulate to wield his mind  
 At length, greeds not to utter ; views with awe ;  
     Holy it seems ; he cherishes ; not casts  
     Before unthinking, raw ; and deem it raw.  
 Impossible,—deep Truth, forever lasts,  
     Touching th’ Invisible, impalpable ;  
     Be put in forms : foundations shaped to Casts  
 That Sense resolve Knowledge : this palpable.  
     That Spirit, erst familiar with such case,  
     Now pauses ; deems his text incapable ;

And would remit to who cling not to base  
     Of things so steadfastly. They motion tho,  
     With blandest dignity, they not replace ;  
 And he will nerve him now, with modest glow.  
     “ Doth Harmony the Moral then pervade ?  
     Embracing all save Physical, ye know ;  
 This working on, though Laws were on it laid.  
     Harmonious offspring—tokens Parentage  
     Harmonious ; at least, its love betrayed  
 Of Harmony : if then with Power, and Sage,  
     It will persuade at first ;—at last enforce.  
     Clearly would so create : thus second stage  
 Needs, sole, consideration, or discourse.  
     But first ; the Parentage, deem ye it wise ?—  
     Creating, means subsisting in due course ;  
 Chaos disorders, tends to paralyze,  
     To crush Existence ; Harmony evinces  
     Wisdom ;—to prove wise Parent, will suffice.  
 He, not with such evidence convinces,  
     Demands Proof is not ; nor may he describe.  
     Still more conclusively—the Doubter winces,  
 When Harmony bespeaks Power could prescribe  
     Their Path ; control all Elements to Peace.—  
     On Moral, Physical, may we inscribe  
 One Author ? One Ruler, sure ; would else cease  
     One of the two ; to Author tantamount : .  
     Harmony, as Ruler, loves ; else decrease  
 It would, and pass away,—of no account.  
     Pervades the Moral, Harmony, then, now ?  
     On Earth we see not ; of Confusion, fount,

Is Earth. Yet, Harmony He did endow,  
     The Author ; His Existence is the Proof ;  
     Our own, and all Existence must avow  
 The fact ; as was deduced in fore-wove woof :  
     He loves it ; in his Offspring did infuse.  
     On Earth, Men strayed ; or willing kept aloof ;  
 Now, Harmony all rules not ; Men confuse :  
     The How-come,—they have Freedom ; Matter, not.  
     Finite in Moral free ; and they refuse  
 Themselves to Harmony : seeming to plot  
     Against Existence. Such, now, the aspect  
     In the Moral ; Harmonious,—save one spot—  
 Of recent origin. Here, then, respect,  
     Or variation, to be kept in view,  
     When final Moral tendency inspect.  
 This limited exception ; how to you  
     May it appear to weigh, and poise the scale ?  
     Freedom entrusted ; Means, wherewith subdue,  
 Reject the Error, accompanying ; frail,  
     Or adequate, as agent may employ ;  
     Deem ye, in argument, to much avail ?  
 Or pure deduction from prime theme alloy ?—  
     Sportive exception seems, held in with Rein ;  
     Co-ordinately measurable toy.  
 Men rise ; and figure on the field ; then wane :  
     They sow ; and reap the Harvest of their act ;—  
     For Fellows sole, with consequent slight train.  
 Evil, in short, confined to who contract.  
     They have, past controversy, too, the means ;  
     Noblest rewards, to win : such the compact.

In fine, this tenure of their license leans  
     To side of Harmony ; still the more swelling  
     Heaven would make it. Naught thus contravenes  
 Th' Harmonious tendency : and now, impelling  
     Whither ? Moral and Physical, alike,  
     Have tendency ; conjecture, solely, telling  
 Whither ! or Truth—from argument we strike.  
     Man, an incident, comes to illustrate ;  
     Exemplifying in himself belike,  
 Or not. Harmonious Elements, how frustrate ;  
     How so reverse them to confusion dire ?  
     How—clogged chaotically ; incrustate ;  
 Axes so beautifully poised : or tire  
     Revolving orbs, resistance—none—encounter !  
     Lastly, how may they clash ? when they retire,  
 Attract, with impulse, gravity ; how founder ?  
     Such Principles assure each circumstance.  
     Imprest omnisciently, orbs never flounder :  
 Such were the work alone of dumb blind chance.  
     To Harmony, then, Physical still tends ;  
     If moral not, then marvellous discrepancy ;  
 Nor cannot be : such opposite—ne'er blends !  
     I pray ye, friends, this case a little ponder ;  
     For weariness now waxes ; freshness shends ;  
 Let us recruit ; then go ye with me yonder !

## CANTO XXXV.

Interlocutory observations on our Pursuits.—Their Past seems again to intrude; but the speaker proceeds.—Prescience of the Creator.—His constitution of man.—They similarly constituted, but with a distinguishing feature.—The sequence of Dispensations illustrates the resulting Harmony of all.

From Harmony, Omniscience to deduce,  
     Were easy work for Fancy with her wand;  
     Our Finite Infant frets him to reduce  
 His strait ideas in Harmonious Bond;  
     Or chain, inweaving to preclude the slip.  
     Not seldom, men are fancifully fond  
 Of suppositions; intermingling sip  
     Of this, and that;—quite arbitrarily:  
     They make fermenting mess, and stir, and whip;  
 Progeny mature quite summarily.  
     These now pertain exclusively to Moral;  
     Settled their Physical—contrarily.  
 Printed their Progeny is now, and oral;  
     The night and day, are constantly in labour;  
     Deperishment attendant too. The coral,  
 Equally industrious, their near neighbour,  
     Build that will stand. They have regard to forces  
     May assail,—wave, or prow, or ought to tabour.  
 Moral show, tho, less wisdom in their courses;  
     Yield Physical to instincts they possess:  
     Moral, content with fanciful discourses;

Or Physically busy in excess.

Yea ! too much stir, too little contemplation ;

Man's treasure lies in Bosom's deep recess ;

Our Ignorance ascribe to agitation ;

And stupor,—its recurrent and correlative.

Accumulating wealth, wise occupation

Deem it not ; of trouble, rather cumulative.

The making, spending money, much begets

Of evil,—multiple, of ills, appellate.

Where tarries, tho, our spirit ? He forgets

Perchance ? oh ! no ; he would they ruminate,

A little, on that said,—and soothe who frets.

No pleasing theme ; scarce may illuminate ;

But probing sharpens, penetrates the Wit :

And purifies—as tho to fumigate :

Then, springs the curious to be more lit !

Which now arrives ; sense of fatigue laid by.

They seem full bent to sift—from out the grit :

Thus, stirring him, fresh impulses to try,

And finally imbue. Now all consist ;

Strung, too, each aspect rigidly,—and eye.

What may they think ? what recollection trist

Comes over them ? and see the moistened cheek,

And sways them Sentiment—just as it list :

Relaxes attitude, tho they not seek [seem.

The change ; o'erwhelmed with consciousness they

Now, rises on them voice ; now he will speak.

“ Oh ! Friends, the Past seems to ye all a Dream ? ”

But at that word, they start ; their arms are stretched ;

With seeming longing to embrace that Theme.

What saddening reminiscence then so retched  
     Those peaceful Bosoms, from the deep Past buried ?  
     A Ray of consciousness from far ; and fetched  
 The long way, fretting some ; and with it serried  
     Yon erst lightsome, prying yet, intensitive souls !  
     Ought rankles there ? some Lethe over-ferried ?  
 Dim Memory that through the ages rolls,  
     And their Thought travelled after, and impels ;  
     Or roused itself,—by action of its Poles !  
 But he, content, in its own place compels  
     It to retire ; resuming then ; “ Evident,  
     It seems, man not alway wayward ; and rebels.  
 To his, our own case somewhat hath of relevant ;  
     He that sends forth, workings discerns occult  
     Through all their devious windings ; and equivalent.  
 He traces to the uttermost result ;—  
     He, not of Evil, chaos, architect,”  
     Oh ! what sensation here, what feelings’ tumult,  
 And repugning looks their negative eject  
     Of such suppose !—springing from out deep well  
     Of just exposing ; and their Intellect.  
 “ Before His act ; He makes the mists dispel  
     That hover round the issues. He computes  
     Of Freedom tendency to err, and swell ;  
 Confers that more than evenly disputes ;  
     He places it at Freedom’s disposition ;  
     For here the Gist, Freedom therewith confutes,  
 At length, and triumphs over coalition  
     Antagonistical. Solely reserves,  
     As proper, nor on Freedom lays condition,



Right to refresh endowing prime,—preserves  
     In the dread conflict in the finite Being ;  
     That alway tries, to uttermost, that swerves  
 From its pure destiny ; and all agreeing.  
     Thus constituted man ; and we before ;  
     But we in circumstance less debauchee-ing ;  
 Each issued seed distinct from Primal core :—  
     With all variety is consequent.  
     Thus, know we man, for Incident, the more ;  
 Illustrating—that Harmony the sequent  
     Of all effluences.” They trace the inference  
     From premises ; without a flaw to weak went  
 Its just influence. Lastly, he makes reference  
     To radical considerations drawn  
     From unity ; wherewith will end the conference.  
 “ Harmony of Physical from very dawn,  
     That hath no Freedom ; man then free endued  
     With higher Purpose ; yea, its Purpose, spawn  
 Freedom in Finite gets (where self renewed  
     Free Finite, may in eminent degree ;  
     Yet thus a glorious seed—to germ imbued—  
 We see established of the Finite Free ;)   
     Eliminate to, Freedom effervescing  
     Raw, novel exercise in, ye agree  
 With Harmony entirely coalescing :  
     To Harmony admit, then, all is tending.  
     Where is exception ? all see it possessing ;  
 The Physical, the Moral,—all is wending  
     On Harmoniously ; Harmony the End  
     Of all—in double sense ; in passing blending,  
 Complete, then, Finite Spirit, Man, attend !

## CANTO XXXVI.

The Attraction and Beauty of Truth.—The Ethereal conference dissolved.  
 —They rest, and unbend.—A rambling Parenthesis.—Touches respecting their Life.—Their evening devotions.—Their sleep—from which a digression to the sleep of the Grave.

Oh, Truth ! how magically thy attractions  
     Onward lure,—rent, once, veil of obfuscations  
     Earth interposes : meaning man's detractions :  
 Resplendent more thyself, than incrustations  
     Fancy filters, leaving th' essence ; or she fritters.  
     Yon Conference dissolved, not illustrations,  
 Therefore, of the Bliss that sparkles, glitters,  
     And from its depths wells forth serenest joys ;  
     Remitted further. Not on couches, litters,  
 They recline ; soothing their weariness. Coys  
     Soft subtle æther round, and sucks it out.  
     That stiffness grows—as thought intent employs ;  
 Nor mind then yields to grace,—that flies about  
     And ay hath full possession—then except.  
     They rest them in the æther ; muscles stout  
 Are in no requisition there. That Sept—  
     (And we will join them, tho erst little said  
     On this ; alway, too, determine precept  
 Leaks out the foregone : sleeping first, or dead  
     Men call ; including all in single category :  
     Some light on this, too, passingly was shed,  
 Explanative of not quite baseless allegory  
     Illustrating distinctions to deter ;  
     Or purporting yet more : Then, there is Purgatory,

Erected intervening, where confer,

Some think, a second time a certain class ;

And finally resolve to cease to err :

Touching tho we, nay, furthermore, may pass :) )

That Sept—dwells in the æther : (and we will

Provisionally :) Forces stern harass

Them not : their impulse moves, or keeps them still ;

And Grace exerts its pleasure in disposing ;

Or all their imprompt action doth in-fill

And perfectly pervade : nor less reposing.

They are in movement now : 'tis eventide ;

A Glory, shielding Radiant, interposing ;

And Glories, scattered lavishly, and wide ;

Take in the soft, and some of them pure rays ;

And tinging with their shades, on every side,

Scatter afresh, and shed a tangling maze

Of Beauty o'er, around that vasty scene.

Nor silent, now, yon Group ; their Hymn of Praise,

Their evening Hymn, will fill that Heaven serene.

“ Oh ! ye Heavens, spirits ye therein dwell,

Proclaim His excellence ; He lit your sheen.

Ye glittering orbs ; ye circling, rolling ; tell

His Praise ; Your Harmony, your multitude

Proclaim it : with it, all your voices swell.

Thou Space ; proclaim it through thy solitude :

Grateful the offering falls on His Ear ;—

He cherishes, oh ! pay your Gratitude.

Oh ! thou Highest ; we praise thee ; thee we fear.

With Holiness—thou cleanse us ; make us clean

Before thee : Holy make that we appear.

Holy feel may we ; Holily demean,  
     Oh ! Lord, within thy Courts ; before thy Presence.  
     Deign, now, accept our Sacrifices lean ;  
 Our feeble praise ; our humble reverence ;  
     Oh ! Excellent and Mighty Lord of all :  
     Oh ! manifest thyself,—thy word ; thine effluence :  
 Breathe on us ; Hear, oh ! hear us when we call,”  
     The Swelling Harmonies resound ; resound :  
     Traverse yon arch ; reverberate ; and fall :  
 And fill the vast arena, round and round :  
     And then there came a thrill ; a precious Balm ;  
     A whispering of Peace,—acceptance found :—  
 Each soul, within itself collected, calm ;  
     Relaxed, dissolving, seems it with its sentiment !  
     Stillness, stillness reigns. Now ; a voice of Psalm  
 Uplift ; and Harp, and Lute, and divers instrument :  
     Swells the loud Peal ; and rings the echoing strain :  
     Then sinks, re-echoing through all the Firmament !  
 Rest, now, repose invites yon Beauteous train ;  
     That is, the soul retires within itself—profoundly ;  
     Breathing alone betrays life will remain ;  
 And nestling, Soul, in the expression—soundly.  
     Oh ! sweetly, peacefully, in air recline they ;  
     And friendship, too, betrays its likings roundly :  
 Finding some differences, there, opine they.  
     Retire we, from that scene of Heavenly resting ;  
     See if what, we, Death’s ushering rest refine may ;  
 Nor solely claim it—on our own attesting ?  
     My soul, reveal to me ; canst thou endure  
     The loathsome Grave ? fearest corruption breasting !—

There, soul reconditely may nestle, sure ;  
     Scarce needs it nourishment ; nor may it taint ;  
     Viands in its own air might not allure :  
 Feelest thou awe ? a dizziness to faint,—  
     Of such seclusion with the contemplation !  
     Or such lone thinking,—grow might to constraint ?  
 There, would we free be, from Temptation,—  
     Nearly : might, even there, impatience fret !  
     That Rest, means it to cure such aberration ;  
 Sole Legacy, could dying Flesh beget !—  
     Seclusion, tho ; may not the Soul admit ;  
     No wooden Barriers, no stony let :  
 It stays, a voluntary stay were it.  
     Bondage, not Freedom, is, Death may divest ,  
     Still, Freedom must with Bondage intermit ;  
 Nay, victory—with Triumph crown its crest !  
     Whither, Soul thus emancipate, then, flies ?  
     Doubtless appointed for it some sweet rest ;  
 Thither it wends,—and there in Bosom hies !

### CANTO XXXVII.

Return to Earth.—Flowers, and Peace that flowers.—Touches on Life.—  
 Reconnoitring Position.—Prosecuting original design, light naturally  
 on Greece.—Socrates.

Poising the Wing now, seeking where be flowers ;  
     Oh Earth ! to thee, we heavily return :  
     In haunts of nature ; field, or woodland Bowers ;  
 In Solitude ; or Gentleness where learn,  
     In early life, the lesson—how to deck  
     Itself with sweetness ; or the sated earn

Of Peace the fruits,—long striving held in check.  
     Blest is the nature cherishes, loves Peace ;  
     Yields not to Restlessness, nor courts the wreck.  
 It flowers ; no thorn it yields, or wild Caprice  
     To toss, and agitate ; lay waste the zest ;  
     And life embitter—long before it cease ;  
 Tiring us out ; nor lights the Hope in Breast.  
     How beautiful are flowers ! and beautify  
     With their developing : beauty imprest  
 Is on us, watching them : they gratify  
     The native longings, Heavenwards incline.  
     From Heaven returning, only they will satisfy  
 Of Earth's affording ; Soothe would else repine ;  
     And must,—save Faith, in fulness, reconcile.  
     Short, at the worst, is mortal life, in fine ;  
 That is, if we do well acquit, the while ;  
     Nay, life is pregnant with the sweetest blessings.  
     Hither we come at last ; this marking stile  
 That makes it long, or short, with griefs, caressings.  
     In short, duration not of much account ;  
     Only receiving, giving right impressings.  
 Where left we earth, when quitting it to mount ?  
     Not in the present day ; oh ! no, long erst ;  
     Nor come we, this time, out of yonder Count :  
 Still traversing that olden, and accurst  
     With Primal Sowings Freedom would depose :  
     And long before new-lit—Light shone at first.  
 There ; vainly, seeks the eye, or mind, repose ;  
     Or only in strait nook ; and there contented :  
     Still showing—stretching, fretting, are our Foes.

No Man, nor Nation, finds ; save this indented :  
     The Truth is meant,—with love of it persuaded !  
     Yea ! finding is of vext—that have relented.  
 Such case hath all the heretofore pervaded,  
     Even till now ; but straight back we proceed.  
     We have been seeking, how the Past were graded ;  
 But find it on Path pitching, zig-zag, lead :  
     Not much Variety, but that we mention.  
     Thousands of years—seem but they all same breed.  
 A little rise, equivalent declension ;  
     No brighter Spot, than with the Grecian name ;  
     Scarce even there—where Heavenly intervention :  
 But Human Nature 'tis—hath such ill Fame.  
     Nought but the Glowing, now, we seek to paint :  
     Reserving, solely, their Successors did disclaim  
 All this,—or deeming valueless : or quaint.  
     There, Human Nature seemed to vindicate  
     A goodly bearing,—tho not there the saint.  
 Generalising Truth might indicate  
     This circumstance : Such not our present bent ;  
     Marking ye Fact—now solely mendicate.  
 There was a Man, and not Inspired, nor sent,  
     Nor, that we know of, was acquaint with Jews ;  
     Yet found what Life, and Death, both meant.  
 The Purest, Best Man he, as such terms use,  
     Antiquity hath shown ;—of Uninspired :  
     That Wiser ; follows finding those deep clues :—  
 Taking, as History hath Men attired.  
     His life ; a life of Peace was, Contemplation ;  
     Save duty, Love of Country nobly fired.



That life, and Plato's (nighly Bis) relation  
     Furnishes in Dialogues concentrate  
     Wisdom past—Man's, touching, destination ;  
 Only except where Heaven did compensate.  
     What marvellous exception single  
     This indeed ! and merits we condensate  
 On it, till perfectly, our thoughts commingle ;  
     Hoping, meanwhile, that there were many more.  
     And first ; in him, nought, absolutely, jingle.  
 Jingling there was around ; behind ; before :  
     There Greek met Greek in War's encounter dire :—  
     Renewing, then, the savageness of yore.  
 Athens, and Liberty, were draggling in the Mire.  
     Anarchy, Corruption, reigned supreme !  
     Quenched was of Virtue, Patriotism, fire ;  
 Rare and more rare they shot their dying gleam.  
     Then, rose, in majesty, great Socrates ;  
     Sending to after ages steady Beam !  
 More luminous, contrasted with the leas  
     From whence it shone : no sympathy excites  
     For them ; for him is spent in all degrees.  
 His Soldier leisure sped in Heavenly Rites ;  
     He oped the Eyes, and staunch'd benighted Minds :  
     Confronted Death ; and lit the Grave with lights  
 Immortal ; strove with arms, and chased the Blinds,  
     Alternately, that held in Darkness bound.  
     He wrote not, worked ; and searches till he finds  
 The listening Ear, and pours the Balm in Wound :  
     The Laurel with, and Cypress, wreathes their Grave ;  
     The Grave of yon proud Greeks,—Illustrious crowned.

He, Gem of all Antiquity ; yet save,  
     Might not,—the Mortal Breath he little prized.  
     He fell,—the victim of his Teachings : Brave  
 He was ; no spectral danger paralyzed ;  
     There was nought terrible for him in Present,  
     Nought in Future ; He had—both analyzed.  
 He looked on Death—grim Tyrant not ; of pleasant  
     Aspect, freeing from cloying mortal Flesh.  
     Man were the same for him, or King, or Peasant :  
 Rending, he peered through Senses' tangling mesh  
     At the Invisible :—not more for King,  
     Than Slave. Wisdom, instruction might refresh,  
 Brought thence,—the very day that gilds our Wing !

### CANTO XXXVIII.

The Theme is pursued—leading to some general deductions.—Biographical Notices of Socrates.—Interesting associations connected with Greece.

How touchingly, the Flower will deck the Stock  
     Decayed ! showing to Beauty striving tendency.  
     Pale may its tint be, weak—to scarce brook shock  
 Of passing breeze, that wafts its sweets in blendency.  
     Thus, see the purer, brightest light oft spring  
     Forth from the dying ashes of Dependency ;  
 Or Mother Country ; or enfranchised offspring ;  
     Or Principality—may self arise :—  
     Still token, ever welling, of the Day-spring  
 From on High comes ; or further than the eyes  
     May traverse readily ; thus, seems, transmits  
     One Ray, or more, from the translucent skies ;

From First, or some beginning still emits :

Or, thus, provisionally one enduing,

That self—from dying, to the Rising flits :—

Foreseeing forms decaying ; and renewing—

Freshly perpetuate, in such recurring.

How curious—it should break forth from rueing ;

A seeming moaning ; universal erring !

It looks—Man left, or race of Men, exerting

To the utmost Virtue theirs—or blurring :

Brightly first radiating,—then reverting.

There surely is some tendency thus leading !

It were, the Primal Beauty still perverting !—

Yea, sure, some Providence thus freshly breeding.

Now Socrates (tho call some may romancing) [ing.

Showed what might Human Nature from first Knead-

Shortly, he shone, before the fresh enhancing

Of our Lights, (coming we to by and by,

Recounting first how Public are advancing.)

He shone, a Star from out Man's primal sky !

Among such glooms, tho, one—not penetrate ;

Nor purge and heal the universal sty.

He shone among repelling mists that sate

Terrifically on the Moral Vision ;

Breeding prolifically blindness, hate

Of Light. They met his Kindlings with derision ;

And, pregnant, hung o'er him discharging Fate—

With but of inimical spark collision.

Before them, he quailed not ; he walked in State ;

Or through the Rabble threaded, Day, or Night :

Or standing, there, in Porch, or by the gate,

Would watch the Passers-by ; and tender light ;  
     Or enter in mild Converse, soothing grief ;  
     Or ministering Counsel,—soothing fright  
 That in their turbulence, with every leaf,  
     Would shake their dastard spirits ; send dismay  
     Through Souls that, trembling, stood in dark relief—  
 Through even darkness of Anarchic Day  
     Afflicted Athens then,—preluding fall  
     Of all her Greatness,—deperishing away,  
 Forever ; utterly. He saw the Pall  
     Settling in Blackness round,—the Politicians  
     Ceaseless warring for their Prey. His Call  
 Was for some Stable Government : Physicians,  
     Political disorders for, too many  
     They had had, and had : Endless Competitions,  
 Raging, must destroy her. Hopings, if any  
     Still persisted ; lay in some settled rule :—  
     Urging not for himself, but urged some enni-  
 -Al Sway ; details still left in crépuscule.  
     The Principle, some Principle of Hope,  
     Besought of them ; if but the molecule  
 Subsisted ; Seed, or germ, with which to cope,  
     And arm their Patriotism to renew  
     Career illustrious. He used no trope  
 In his persuasions : Sternly did imbue  
     Him, the dread desperateness of their Case :  
     Mingling, withal, the glimpse of lofty, true,  
 Dwell in th' Invisible. Perished that Race,  
     With ears would hear not ; bent to Ruin straight !  
     That Land,—Inhabitants hath on its face ;

Let heartfelt Sympathy here pause ; and wait !

When, will the World exampling cease ! when course  
With strict regard to observation ; date ?

Advent of Socrates, let disabuse

Our Mind of Prejudice ; Specific Cure

Then needs to reconcile Truth we refuse !

Factitious Basis, never can endure.

Men build up Evil Being that inflicts

Our Miseries, charging on Heaven pure ;

Then, Remedy devise for whom afflicts ;

The Fact,—Men work out Evil, and persist !

The law of God, Benevolence restricts ;

They know it ; Power have in them to resist,

And do not. Then ; fresh Opening, for their aid

In its employment, straight forth they insist

It is their Sins atoning !—not afraid,

Then, to let loose. I wot the Shadings, Phases,

In which set out this matter, and down-laid ;

But in effect, the thing our tenderness erases ;

Sinning, and on the ay ope Fount we count ;

A Glowing Effluence is blown to blazes.

But we remit developing astound

That wakes this novel, now long aberration ;

True data for computing its amount.

How linger we ; how thrill with the narration

Of the Greek exploit ; picturing strain flowing,

And, intermingling, eloquent oration ;

Or terse dispatch,—convinces either showing,

For a time. Kindles, pungent, the regret ;

Or grief,—that they are passed beyond our Knowing !

Alas ! of Nations the Decadence ; yet,  
 We have to learn a lesson. Stay thee, oh !  
 Thou dim foreboding ; hush, oh ! hush thy fret :  
 Shudders the Path : Happy the Ending, tho !

### CANTO XXXIX.

A very natural transition to Rome ; by virtue of the sympathy which  
 takes us straight to Cicero.

Fades like a dream ; and sinks away from sight,  
 That vision of the Excellence of Old !  
 Behold another, striding in its might ;  
 And greeding Blood, and Provinces, and Gold !]  
 Let loose from Heaven not ; Man's next unfolding ;  
 Of his Perverseness, parallely, sold,  
 How may we grasp, approach it for beholding ?  
 It seems assimilating all the nations ;  
 Concentrating availment :—then—it moulding ;  
 Subject, in turn, of novel reclamations.  
 Lustrously, they, man's energy display ;  
 Firmness, endurance, in elevate gradations ;  
 Unlike preceding them, on the Highway.  
 Stupendous is the Theme, and its development ;  
 They found, and lead, and going leave—astray.  
 We seek, mysteriously, its envelopements.  
 In climax of their Power, behold the Wise arise.  
 Or from, of darkness bondage—re-elopements.  
 A pause of Strife at last ; then came the Wise ;  
 The nut, or surface Bloom, from all their heavings.  
 They showed afresh—of th' inward man the size,

Then gradually sank beyond retrievings.

Nor picture we, their dying, mighty throes :

Their lesson snatch tho, worthy all Believings :—

Ends others' Cicero,—their's preludes woes !

What, in their records, vies with that one Name ?

What else of value in their wars ; repose ?

Stern virtue in their Wars, deserves it Fame ?

Nought is to copy, where Destruction end ;

Where slaughter of its fellows makes the claim !

Their Patriotism ; it spurred them but to rend,

And all the world afforded cumulate

In them ; They sought the world to comprehend.

Amongst its wrecks, the Greek remains are mate ;

In his afflictions, Cicero retires

Within himself,—perchance to study Fate !

His grovelling had dimmed Celestial Fires ;

The Pleader's life made up of meditations ;

Reasonably so ; Pleading, too, inspires

The lofty soul to noblest contemplations.

Greatness, in Ruins tho, was spread around ;

In them, himself, he looked for consolations ;

Doubtless, before, he oft had quit the ground,

Interrogated nature for her meaning,

Probed for the secret—who Heaven, Earth, did found :

Yet, with his hugger-mugger still careening.

Depures affliction ; elevates of need

Such soul ;—from Earth, and all its clogging, weaning

His stridings, sighing then ;—his Writings read :

They, worth the learning Latin for, alone ;

And far less complicate than Virgil's creed.



He penetrated far ; among them, shone.

He was the Gem of all Rome's proud lustrations ;

A star in Climacterical World zone.

Read we the lesson ; Rome's illustrations

Of Waywardness of man, and his career

Onward or backward ; with his vacillations

For a thousand years. Pause may we not here,

Then, for a moment ? Did they then exhaust

Problem of Good, extending country, sphere,

For Citizen ; or State ; with all that cost !

They show, no satisfaction may pervade

The search of Physical ; and end is lost

Of Life : Flourishes the State ; men fade ;—

In agitation, triumph, and defeat :

By Physical, is meant all such Parade.

The strife of Man within himself ; to greet !

Striving for Triumph of the Good and true :

Illustrious this striving, we repeat :

To Citizen, and State ; will Good accrue.

Oh ! when, the noble emulation come

For virtue ; and the Erring to subdue

Within, ourselves ! widely, we yet are from

Such hopeful consummation, in this age.

That striving doth renew ; and line and Plumb

Will accurately vacillations gauge ;

And precious Hope, rewardings, these suspend ;

And hither, thither, sway, at every stage.

Array of circumstance ; how may it tend

To influence, or steady these—for Right ?

I pray ye, show it ; show if these not shend !

How may aggression ? or the deadly fight,—  
     Save it repel, and make of Peace defence !  
     Stands Cicero, acknowledged Roman light ;  
 Stooped hath the Eagle from his Eminence.  
     We reck not, now, the march, array of Battle ;  
     Sickens conquest—including innocence  
 Among the victims,—deemed for so much cattle.  
     Wisdom, in Colloquies, left Cicero  
     That hold enwreathing us—like withy wattle.  
 No more we prize, and acclamate the Hero,  
     Seeking of History the gist, and fruit ;  
     The ruddy disk of Mars has sunk to Zero !—  
 Speaking for Wisdom's very last recruit.  
     Oh ! Rome ; thy fallen Majesty pervades  
     The Earth ;—than voice more eloquently mute !  
 How, thy hushed strife, tumultuous, dissuades  
     From awe ; and partiality forestalls !  
     How, vision of thy Grandeur dwindles ; fades  
 From view ; chased by the Ruin that appals !  
     How grows the Nightshade round ! and foul Miasma  
     Pure Inspiration, and the Breathing thralls !  
 Throttles Religion—Superstition's Asthma !

## CANTO XL.

Africa—seeming to entangle us with Slavery.—Strangely ending with  
     brief Address to a portion of our Fellow Citizens.

Where lie that hapless Shore ; that Land benighted ;  
     And scathing Darkness, and the Lion crouches ;  
     And starving Bushman in his den, affrighted,

Trembling,—till for their life the child avouches,—  
     Tossed to the monster ; borne off in his maw !  
     What, but the Degradation where he slouches,  
 Utter abandonment of Moral Law,  
     Turns Man of Reason, Speech, to slaving Beast ;  
     And Cannibal with the protruding jaw :—  
 Preying their divers Tribes, and making feast  
     Upon each other ! Oh ! what darkest deeds  
     And terrible crimes,—not yet, even, ceased ;  
 Make up their Retribution. Thy Heart bleeds  
     With self-repaying, and the cumulate ;  
     The last, thou, Africa, the Gospel greeds  
 Redeeming from thy husks ; illuminate.  
     Thy children, scattered far in other Lands,  
     And suffering ; their seed yet culminate  
 It will ; dissolving their, thine rending Bands  
     Asunder ! Slowly, feebly too, conjoint  
     With stronger means,—at Charity's commands.  
 A Race perverse thou art ; through every joint !—  
     Supposed, that Africa was populate  
     From Ham (or settles History this point?)  
 It is ; thus were a race to violate  
     The sanctity of the Parental tie ;  
     Portions except, explaining th' aggregate.  
 Such tendency, disseminated by  
     Successive generations, may account  
     In measure, for the Black and tainted dye  
 Of moral, animal ; and monstrous discount,  
     Comparatively with the other races.  
     Their crimes, to fearful Catalogue amount.

In olden times, when still they held their faces  
     Above ground, and mingled with their fellow creature ;  
     Conspicuous for Treachery ; in places  
 Where it held remunerating feature :  
     Of Degradation truthful cause ; and traces  
     Historian believing ; or the Preacher.  
 Yet question now is, simply, what effaces  
     The foul stain, and miserable sequences ;  
     Thus, Slavery in hand ; and how erases ;  
 Debated much, in agitating frequencies.  
     Philanthropy must weep ; and we must weep,  
     This blot exists ; and stays ; and all its reappearances.  
 What next ! Strong hold of Freedom ; and we keep  
     A nest of Slavery within our Border !  
     Aye, this is Scandal makes the humours creep :  
 Giving to Fanaticism look of order.  
     Slave breeding for a market, our opinion  
     In, is most unquestionably Disorder  
 May grow chronic ; disgrace of th' old Dominion !  
     What should the citizen do in such case ?  
     Not, himself, be of Fanaticism minion.  
 Evil, that we so far as Ham may trace,  
     Were not to cure with simple ipse. dixit ;  
     The wiser mode co-operates with Grace ;  
 Inflames and aggravates, who contradicts it :  
     Master and slave ; better with love subdue ;  
     Conquer will Love each wrong, if ye but mix it.  
 Virtues, with Love will company, not few ;  
     Sweet self-repaying, too, their exercise.  
     Virtues instil ; and still instil anew ;

Conquer thus, sure, and without sacrifice.

Pure is Love's working ; Violence attends

It not ; the Tempest—wakes not, bids not rise.

Reward to its own working, it appends ;

Indeed, the world comes yet beneath its sway.

Softening its influences ; never rends,

Nor punishes—retiring, save, away.

Politically, will respect all rights ;

Expressing them by laws—we then obey.

These, may the people alter, with new lights :

Majorities ; their will, the Laws display ;

Full competency have, for all such Rites.

Infringing them, dire Anarchy, bring may :

Nay, is, itself: this, in unchecked wantonness,

It is, the African doth now repay.

I love ye, friends ; Slave too, with all openness ;

Useful their toil ; nor would to it demur :

See, how their fellows in dark gropen-ness—

At Home ! Such were these still ; or back recur

They might ; now, reap their own, or Fathers' sowings ;

Ay, stirring strife, and bitterness, we err ;

Love conquers here, with patient steady glowings,

Prayer, and Faith. Oh ! Africa ; when repent

In dust and ashes will ye ? when, your throwings

Wake, of your deep degradation,—blent

With softening of heart ; and restoration

Of your lineaments,—waits on such event.

Self sacrificing mission makes oblation

Now, freely, of sweet hope, and sweetest joys.

It buries life ; severs each sweet relation ;

Nought but of your Redeeming, thought employs :  
 Comparatively, here, your sons are blest.  
 Go there ; that loving one, that here destroys,  
 And waxes into bitterness : There, best,  
 It will fulfil its longings ; Hope there beckons ;  
 Africa brought in will be ; not always rest  
 In its debasement.—Who will go ? Who seconds ?

## CANTO XLI.

Asia is taken by indirect route homewards.—Or perhaps had been left too long.—Some considerations of the tendencies of Climate to affect Character, both Individual, National.—Effects of Foreign interference.

An Eastern Continent, afar off lies ;  
 First favoured Domicile of human kind ;  
 Of soil most delicate, most genial skies :  
 Yet scarce we touched it have ; and left behind,  
 So little hold affords Historic lore.  
 There, might imagining a limit find  
 In all that earthly yields ; nay, stop to soar  
 Midst the delights, profusely Nature lavishes.  
 There, room for arguing, tho not before  
 The practical had taught ; if nature ravishes  
 With Beauty, fertility,—the man decays ;  
 But, mostly, th' inner excellence impoverishes.  
 Fitting the Heavenly Love, and all its ways ;  
 To fit man, first, with such a Paradise,  
 It were ; providing ruder, for his later days ;  
 That erring—Wisdom buy, with Sacrifice  
 Of labour ; Suffering too, and sweat of Brow.  
 First, thought, a lifting transverse-wise

Of Tena's axis, Elemental Row,  
 Might signalize the Fall ; exclaim, protest  
 Amongst the orbs, as onward she should plough  
 Through Æther ; deemed, now, fanciful at best  
 It is ; and harsher climes, and rugged vastness,  
 Nigh Earth covering,—Man's need of them attest :  
 Driving his thought within him, by their ghastness,  
 Virtue to cherish there ; and hardihood  
 Against Corruption. Thus, oft, mountain fastness,  
 Desert ; sole Barrier, refuge of the Good  
 'Gainst overwhelming Evil ; or when chased  
 By Persecution ; open, or, neath hood  
 Of same professing Virtue. Where, disgraced  
 Humanity the most, in all our annals,—  
 But there, where loveliness of Nature placed !  
 Climes Equatorial ; where toil, nor flannels  
 Needed to give nourishment, or brace ;  
 Or coax the circulation through its channels ;  
 Our axis then we see so poised in space,  
 And movement through so justly regulated ;  
 Each varied clime hath ; each from other place.  
 But whither, now, the thought is animated ?  
 Earth's fairest regions lie benighted ;  
 The eldest too they say, the first created :  
 Yea, such the drift of science,—latest lighted.  
 Oh ! Asia ; the thought fills with thee—to sadden ;  
 How art thou fallen ; how thy ways requited !  
 Thou thoughtest to rejoice ; make merry ; gladden ;  
 Vine, neath, and Fig tree, hasting to lend aid ;  
 Then fellest thou to revel, drunken, madden !—



A kinder Providence, not oft repaid,  
     Proportional with service ; nor it spurs  
     To soar to Excellence of highest grade.  
 Experience, to opposite concurs.  
     Content with partial, fugitive enjoying ;  
     Short of his destiny, Man stops, and errs :  
 Inactive revels ; surfeits to a cloying.  
     Problem there is that asks, nor meets solution !  
     How enjoy life,—nor bustle yet employing !  
 Bustle, true, needs, in present Constitution ;  
     Not, tho, when passes this of life first budding.  
     This life, the Problem holds in involution  
 How to endure existence, merely cudding ;  
     How wing the hours, or push, or strip of leaden ;  
     Array their train with glittering, glorious studding ;  
 Nor yet the bustling, pricking path, to treaden.  
     What occupation weary, rest make sweet ;  
     How make—the Sensibilities, not deaden !  
 Bustling, is task of physical ; and meet  
     In-gathering rude Elements of things ;  
     Baffling oppression leaves its coarser meat.  
 A passing gratefulness, to Soul it brings  
     In such way ; else but weariness, alloy.  
     The pure Soul vibrates its Ethereal strings  
 In peace ; no pleasure finds, but will destroy  
     To beat the air ; the æther thresh and ruffle :  
     Not even hath it wings, nor need employ ;  
 For farthest traversing—but takes a snuffle,  
     Or draws long breath, arrived at journey's end ;  
     Or when returned,—if chance, hath met with scuffle.

Enjoyment is not Physical ; save tend,  
     Clayey habiliment to freshen, quicken ;  
     Then bustling, exercise, were to commend.  
 This but arises, tho, when deadly stricken  
     Soul is, with the Physical oppression ;  
     Cloy then its sensibilities, and thicken.  
 Here lies, of Physical on soul, aggression :  
     Thus fell the Asiatics in their stupour.  
     A Beauteous Nature leaves to their discretion  
 Adjusting rest with labour ; so far duper :  
     Not tho its fault ; they have an inner master  
     Teaches, and should control, and keep them super :  
 Comparatively bloom should they—like aster.  
     There are memorials would make us think  
     They had so ; but, at last, had faded faster.  
 We know them not tho ; have not learned the brink  
     From which they fell ; or slid down sluggish, slowly :  
     Lost is the chain ; or scattered link by link.  
 They mounted, flowered,—then withered ; shrunk down  
     Scattered their leafless flowerets o'er ground : [lowly :  
     Last seed matured not ; nor their seedings Holy !  
 Then sprang rank weeds ; as, ay, in such case found.  
     Monotony, their life is now ; or toying ;  
     Or Europeans waked have, roaming round,  
 Their feeble passions into dire deploying.  
     No base of Principle have they ; Religion either ;  
     To restrain, direct : bent solely to destroying  
 Objects they take for obstacles, or neither.  
     Ties of Relationship, Humanity's sweet ties,  
     They reckon not ; nor the dearest may be sheather

Of the blade ensanguining : imagined, dies ;  
     Or chanced to interpose the bloody way.  
     Needful must such then be ? Religion flies  
 On wing of strife, to win its peaceful sway !  
     Nor else, led back to Truth the Heathen nations ?  
     What depth then in their soul, so hid from day ;  
 What obduracy steels to mild orations,  
     Soft entreaty to receive the Heavenly Beam ?—  
     Here knotted theme ; with multiple gyrations ;  
 Fondly, to sift in other Count, we deem.  
     Intricate analysis of deep causations ;  
     Shedding, Humanity on, of fresh gleam  
 Demands ; and light of later revelations !

## CANTO XLII.

An Interesting Nation.—Exception, seemingly, to general Characteristics  
 of the Asiatics.—A glance at Treaty Making, and Missionary enter-  
 prise.

Yet is there land, demands we make exception ;  
     Extend, too, into changes late were uttered.  
     Dim, more than all, of them, is our perception ;  
 They seem with first approach to be so fluttered !  
     Rarely accorded, then of grace, reception ;  
     Or courtesy, as distant thunder muttered.  
 Lofty their language ; noble their conception ;  
     Seeming like they reserved from common use.  
     Scanty our knowledge of their prime inception ;  
 They keep themselves so studiously recluse !  
     Stretch farthest they towards the buried ages ;  
     Of all, least put, have, Freedom to misuse.

Not curious quest, but grief, their thought assuages  
 On this score ; wonder drives to passing strange :  
 Surmising next they had been kept in cages !

Amusing tho, for Industry had range.

This, possibly, resolves the Paradox !

Commerce restricted, too, might not bring change.

A mighty force once came and threatened shocks ;

But cunningly absorbed it, they, in them.

Weaker resist,—or Treaty making mocks :

Yet, keep good Faith,—that is, of Treaties gem :

Nor, yet, have Christianity ; tho it proffered,

And they respectful listed : what a Problem !

None such by History is elsewhere offered.

They date before its History was written ;

Or History of all,—and safely coffered.

Yet have they Virtue and Religion witen ;

Not pure, indeed, but is no whit inferior

To our's, that christianity doth lighten,

In the Practice ; virtue's own true interior,

And precious Jewel ; nay, the very cream !—

Sans revelation, doubtless they superior.

This, we would give them now ; but let not dream

Beguile, they will receive ; if Practice left

Behind : it must flow forth in equal stream.

Sweet Charity must company ; bereft

Not, as at home ; virtue must be the essence,

In-woven Holy Faith with, in same web ;

Else, no belief (as erst) in Holy Presence.

A Primitive despatch we sent them, late ;

And simple too ; flowing whence lies excrescence

Of such virtues : added tho, first, the date,  
     And Name elected to fill up details.  
     That would impress, we do not merely prate :  
 Yet scarce beyond Diplomacy avails :—  
     Alas ! I fear. That, carried is so far,  
     Deemed precious they will think ; but if it fails—  
 If practice, in who carry, not on par ;  
     Dead will it fall, that seed,—choked by the tares.  
     Nor let factitious be—for simple are.  
 The simple Truth ; the one Truth ; nought that glares,  
     Or look wears artificial ; will excite  
     That deep calm bosom,—that not light breeze flares.  
 The fact, a Revelation came to light  
     A world in darkness, they will scrutinize ;  
     And deem it worthy of attention,—quite :  
 Let them, then, study its plain drift ; revise  
     Its precepts ; promises ; and their conditions :  
     And learn who sent ;—their Father, from the skies !  
 Pardon, invoke we, of such disquisitions,  
     Touching the Present, and the future theme ;  
     That time requires ; and rightful dispositions.  
 We have a liking ; liking, too, extreme  
     For that strange People ; that so ancient line—  
     Comparatively, others seem like Dream.  
 Must they, then, henceforth fall into decline ?  
     Must Saxon withering degeneracy  
     Take hold on them ; inoculate, to pine  
 Away ? Alas ! on Saxon, efficacy  
     Truth hath no more : merged in the common-place,  
     Partakes, in common, same effeminacy !

Chief impulse, money-getting, of such Race.

What sends to Canton hence, and from Bombay ?

Leads, of degeneracy, on the trace !

Accursed be the Emprise ; accurst stay ;

That pampers the one weakness of that People !

Blest be the Emprise, teaches them to pray ;

And decks their hill, and plain, with Christian steeple !

Stirring their Bosom's now long smouldering ashes ;

And Holy, zestful feelings—lameley creeple !

What now ! of Hundreds Millions, the thought plashes :

Feel ye its ebbing not ; and rising wavings

Tossing your Bosom ! Wo to him, that dashes

Sweet expectancy ; that stifles such pure cravings !

In multitude, concurring circumstances

Ope the clear way, and dig, and lay the Pavings,

For entrance of the Mighty Gospel lances ;

Subduing, triumphing through peaceful teachings,

Millions of Hearts. The thought that views, entrances,

With so sublime a spectacle ; impeachings

None, the conscience wakes ; viewing conquest won

By warfare of the Gospel ; through its Preachings.

Alas ? what Trembling seizes ? Hopes, what stun

Now ; drive confounded back ; leave to despair !

Kingdom divided, when it should be one !

Divide we, Seamless Robe ; in pieces tear.

There—will our strength emphatically waste ;

Conflicting, hampering,—when none to spare.

Resplendent, in their Annals, name enchased

Confucius is ; and claims our fixt regard.

More than two thousand years have not erased

His precepts from their mind ; that still retard  
     Their downfall ; might uphold to end of days.  
     They—precepts evangelic push on—hard !  
 Most, of antiquity, he claims our praise ;  
     Yet, wisdom, solely claims to have revived,  
     Existed formerly ; and purged from maze.  
 Closely compare, and wonder how arrived  
     They will ; how, from the deep blue Heavens came,  
     Confucius prayed to, Wisdom—deeper dived  
 Than his : nor reached to them its spreading Fame.  
     Erst, as was said, presented ; they rejected :  
     So will they do again, mere words or name :  
 Vainly aspire to their conversion, Sect-ed.  
     Be sure, all wisdom hath not coalesced  
     With us,—just from the womb of Time ejected !  
 Ere Christian era ; lived, went to his rest  
     Confucius ; rife, yet lives in their remembrance ;  
     Quicken his precepts, now, each thro'ing breast ;  
 Nought cherish will they—merely lives in semblance !

## CANTO XLIII.

Coast of Africa again touched—suggesting, naturally, whether knowledge  
 of God lost entirely, we could ourselves recover it.—Novel Meta-  
 physics suggested.—We have a towering native impulse.

If, late, we shot within our sphere, ye say ;  
     Beyond behoof of due relating dates ;  
     Forgive in such behoof, and cause we pray !



Not we believe, ye ken, in adverse Fates ;  
 And alway adverse : quicken them we would  
 To flee ; and blend in chasing, soul that grates  
 With ills of Slavery ; and feels it could  
 Do somewhat to alleviate ; and rend  
 The Bonds asunder. Such moved spirit should  
 Receive our sympathy ; of right attend  
 Pure counsel,—that it have its cherished longing.  
 Ye, Fellow Citizens, I pray, befriend  
 That cause : If ye will think, emotions thronging  
 Will compel ye ; move your inmost Hearts.—  
 Back, to yon ages, now ; and all belonging :  
 Nay, we must look at them in Scattered Parts :  
 So wide they loom ; we seeking but their shedding.  
 Sparsed is their darkness ; rare the ray that darts  
 Of grateful light, with Hope invites our wedding.  
 Could ever they strike out afresh—if lost ?  
 Might nature yield, to who in Darkness treading,  
 Light, or knowledge of her Maker ? Accost  
 Her then, my soul ; thy Nature too conspire  
 With hers ; Hope agitate thy Bosom tost :  
 Yet let not Fancy wing—to cheat thy Fire.  
 Such Consciousness might erst have been alluring  
 The Socratic Bosom ; yet, scarce found attire  
 Of Language—reaching hither. Some assuring  
 Needed it, perchance, to longing eye ;  
 Or hearing ; or the touch of brief enduring ?—  
 Deem, that the Faculties may find—that try ;  
 Nor waste their Strength, first, in their own defining.  
 Let Consciousness take in the Earth, and Sky ;

Add them to Self ; and then begin refining.  
     Such Premises ; whither conduct they ; Boor,  
     Or Wise ? We must protest against confining,  
 A Logic with is recognised for Poor,  
     The Soul's most delicatest operations.  
     Men fancifully deem, that they may moor  
 The Soul—ourself—to sensual foundations ;  
     Then grasp Infinity, and bring it down  
     To anchor therewith, in some fixt relations !  
 The Man may find in him ; even the clown ;  
     And daily practises the common places  
     Of such logic : just as he needs to crown  
 His common longings. Who, strung higher, races  
     On the Search for th' Infinite ; or who made  
     The World ; the Starry Heaven,—nightly paces  
 Through the blue expanse ; Perceptions, hath, arrayed  
     Suiting the occasion : when they long employed  
     As senses had been ; then may be portrayed  
 Like them. Ye faithful ; be not ye decoyed  
     To think Good Heaven without witness left,  
     Far back tho busily the man destroyed,  
 In many a Soul ;—space intervening cleft ;  
     And knew, and recognised, who all achieved.  
     Long had the senses striven ; still bereft  
 Of written how, and why ; and men believed  
     Withal ; tho, afterward, some would refuse  
     To credit senses, wherefor when relieved,  
 And set forth accurately in diffuse :  
     But now accredited, by most, their bringing  
     Is again. No longer, Sons of men, amuse

Yourselves, with seeking the Omniscient, clinging  
 To Logic men from out the Sensual squeeze.  
 The Consciousness of Man perceives ; is wringing  
 With accounting sense ; fain would try and please  
 The Deity. Study, then, this plain fact :  
 Seek ye, as erst of Physical, degrees ;  
 Through what Perceptions comes, and how they act :  
 Then, find the man surpassing far your thought.  
 Take in the Universe, no whit redact ;  
 There's room for all ; nor needs but it be sought.  
 Your own most grovelling act ; doth not your Soul,  
 Its will impel you to it ; left or wrought  
 As it may will ; ushered by your control ;  
 Or stays in its nonentity ? From it  
 Existing, ye infer from whence it troll ;  
 Being Intelligent, of might, and wit ;  
 Commensurate, both, with effects ye see,  
 At least. Sharpen now your keenness, bit  
 Your Pride ; our winnings small as yet, agree  
 In field that touches through what avenue  
 Convinces th' Infinite, of it, the Free,—  
 As Earth of it convinces ; counterview  
 The notwithstanding. Can ye prove exists  
 The Earth ! save ye perceived ye saw, then knew,  
 So, in like way, knowledge of God consists :  
 Perception, consciousness, of Him convince :  
 And, time out of mind, men have been Deists.  
 Let us, then, stir the Fires within, not wince ;  
 'Tis brutishness that keeps so long behind ;  
 That lost at first, nor hath recovered since

Perfect assurance in the Finite mind ;  
     Apart from either later fresh Revealing.  
 These came, not that Man could not, would not find.  
 It is the Native Impulse, longing, feeling ;  
     Glowing with dimness, or some partial brightness ;  
     Bursting transmitted, native trammels healing ;  
 True to itself, Soul loosens all their tightness ;  
     Expanding, sways around its mortal fastening ;  
     That severed, bounds up with extatic lightness :  
 Ah ! then came end of all its mortal chastening !

#### CANTO XLIV.

The flight of the Emancipated Soul.—In pursuing, we come again upon the Ethereal Beings. They are engaged in grieving, and conjecturing.

Might we but follow ; at the least discern,  
     Catch but a glimpse of the dividing æther,  
     The curling, wreathing Breathings sends astern !  
 So swiftly moves, so vasty is the heather,  
     Demurs the sight to such untried competitor ;  
     Still in its mortal clogs and fleshly tether :  
 Such first arrayed, and comes from first Progenitor.  
     Nor were this all.—Comparatively slowly,  
     Tho, transport us, may, towards the zenith, or  
 Afar, far sideways off, our Fancy lowly ;  
     Even where, erst, we saw those Spirits haunting ;  
     Holding high Converse, touching High Themes Holy ;

And interspersed strains musical enchanting.

That Soul emancipated, we meant, follow :

But needs our Faith refreshing, now feels daunting.

We yet, bethink ye, are in all the wallow

Of the first experimental ages !

We soar a piece, and swiftly ; so the swallow

Will ; scared tho, quickens to the nether plagues

Of the genial air. Yet, do we propose

Returning yonder ; leaving our poor cages

For another flight ; wending where we rose,

Tho but in Faith, of late ; listing awhile,

Beholding too, vesting no clayey clothes,

Yet our Fellows ; sitting beneath the smile

Of the Omniscient ; or reclining meetly

In the æther, yielding with subtle wile

To all their pleasure ; yon pure Spirits : sweetly

Adjusting them in varying postures, winning

To our eye ;—that recognises, yea and fleetly

At the purer beck, what is Grace. Beginning

Make we here, some do, in apprehending

Grace and Gentility divests our sinning,—

In most cases. Those Spirits, then, are lending

Promptings of inner Graces to the out becoming ;

Varying in each ; each in, many blending.

Precludes monotony in each one's summing,

Their vast multitude ; meaning of their Graces.

Ply now their voices ; hear their music humming :

Discourse preludes from their respective places.

There had some stir, of late, been in the spheres ;

Some nearer glimpses of that Sin effaces :

Fulness of Time on Earth, Time while man veers  
 So utterly from Right, was seen approaching ;  
 Futility of merely Earthly Seers :  
 Commissioned tho to stay the man's encroaching  
 On Domain of Goodness ; wasting its fruits  
 Unripe, unsavoury ; not earning ; poaching.  
 Some slightest buz of preparation bruits  
 Around, may be ; or sentiment unfolds,  
 In them, of need,—of Remedy. Computes  
 Then each, in sympathising breast, how holds  
 The Purpose ; where it lie may ; how unfolding.  
 It hath attained consistency embolds  
 Them to emprise some possible solution  
 Enigma of—yet in th' omniscient holding ;  
 And marvellously deep its involution.  
 Wonder, what were iniquity upholding,  
 Or what deliverance of it effect,  
 Baffles their utmost stretch of art of moulding.  
 Their comprehension fails them. Dialect  
 They have would fail, too, for its true expression,  
 Could they conceive of it. Now, see erect  
 Itself one of those spirits, with oppression  
 In the aspect ; fain seeking to disburthen  
 Of its fretting ; “ I pray ye, now in session  
 Here ; ye, who gifted more ; tell me how earthen  
 Stains may wash away ; goodness substitute,  
 Engrafted be upon them ; How, more worthier  
 They may yet ; How, them newly constitute ;  
 Or how secure forthcoming Generations—  
 'They wallow not again like every brute :



Still Freedom sell for vile considerations :

I pray ye much, relieve me on this score."

They list, and look, with many hesitations ;

Each hath the doubt, and none may solve the more.

Yet, may their interchange of thoughts conduce,

Eliciting some light, to ope the door

For truth to dawn ; or give their glooms some truce.

Thus, without hope to lighten, other speaks.

"Let us have Faith, dear friends ; and each make use

Of his ability,—the maze of Freaks

Of man to thread ; or fasten on some Plane ;

Searching what Human-Nature—in its streaks.

Offspring of Freedom ; Freedom having vane

That catches every breeze ; and yield too oft

The earthly children,—for their good, or bane :

Indifferent to what depend aloft ;

Or how the seed will ripen when they sow :

And worst is, alway wiser counsel scoffed.

This Human Nature is one they make grow ;

Such evident ; and seems a starting point.

Perchance, hereafter, they may better know

Their cue. Oozings of past, might not anoint,

In time, with wisdom ; and infuse a guiding

Lesson ?—to Evil, then, they mand, Aroynt !

Against this, will ye place their steadfast striding

Hitherto ? I grant ye ; and discourages :

But may preclude it, deem ye, all residing

Of a hope of better ?" Here encourages

Discussion—needs, and opens much reflection.

Pause we a moment, while each one assuages

Weariness ; near it then probing, to rejection.



## CANTO XLV.

The same continues.—Their conjectures unsatisfying.—They contain  
some Truth.

Serene, majestic, sad look on those countenances,  
     Rests now ; that yield to each minutest feeling :  
     The while their fervour, as these mount, enhances  
 To the full sublime ; riveting, annealing  
     Each one's—on other's fascinated gaze.  
     Rises who next will speak, but stands congealing  
 Seemingly ; wrapt, as in a mute amaze.  
     Such theme ; with pathos, gleaming of hope lends ;  
     Swell visages contour will first, then glaze.  
 But Heavenly now ; or inward light ascends,  
     And ends the trance ; tones musical forth breaking.  
     “ A dark hard-heartedness for ages, tends  
 To sear the blush, or drive it to forsaking ;  
     Prime blush of opening bud, or fruit, in man ;  
     Sinking, debasing them, beyond partaking  
 Such sweet natures. Need would, some work began  
     Afresh to soften ; thought of God, else, quaking  
     Wakes ; or in the fool derision : nor can  
 The mass ; or scarcely hope of it were slaking,  
     Reasonably, our anxiousness ; achieve—  
     Man for himself might—full dry bones awaking ;  
 Save novel beamings, Primal like, relieve  
     Might comprehensive field of duty, joys,  
     And pure felicity are his. Retrieve

He might then, all the past ; the while employs  
     Art cunning, Hope, to soothe his toiling hours ;  
     Yea, lustre shed on them, as Faith deploys  
 To grace and strengthen ; baffling much that sours.  
     Faith is th' impulsive power in toiling state ;  
     Or where, oft, Being to Temptation cowers.  
 Seems, thus,—loss of Faith needs to compensate,  
     That would ensue on ages of degrading.  
     Such aid, then, seasonably helps their Fate ;—  
 Deem, well nigh indispensable, such aiding.  
     Thus, will the negative response appear  
     The right ; or true, by comminuted shading  
 Only, the Proposition late made here.  
     Work of Benignancy it were, at least,  
     To give aid mentioned,—might the case seem clear  
 Their freedom not infringed on ; or deceased  
     Thereby. This, first consideration deem ;  
     Measures imagining whereby increased,  
 Tendency towards the Good, to be might seem.  
     Act incompatible with first design ;  
     Attend not, from Omniscient God Supreme !  
 Man, hope , too, of his Fellowship resign,  
     If Freedom lose must ; sinner or remain.  
     Freedom, and Gifts wherewith maintain condign,  
 Conferred at first ; Erring, and many a stain  
     Ensuing, seen on their first exercise,  
     Ye know ; that ultimately they would gain,  
 Foretold among us, Skill with which to rise  
     Above temptation ; estimating duly  
     The circumstance they placed in, and the Prize

Is set before them. Such results were truly  
 Pictured to spring forth from Freedom's wandering :  
 Freedom, on first possession, makes unruly ;  
 Driving to act, the Finite, without pondering.  
 All this arrived ; nor left without surmising  
 Were we, that aid practicable, in sondering  
 Themselves from Evil, might be of devising.  
 These parts, in one, let Harmony conjoin ;  
 Freedom maintained, then clearly our apprising.  
 But here the question,—Remedy to coin  
 Suiting all conditions ; Seen one that will [loin  
 Too ; whence, may it spring from ? Where, were the  
 Might give it Birth ! What sur-angelic skill  
 Devise and execute ; angelic mind,  
 Explain, deduce it, how ;—from Moral, still !  
 Oh ! Friends, I pause ; admit me far behind.”  
 Enlightened were they ; Expectancy tho' clings  
 In that we cherish ; hoping we may find.  
 Vast is the tendency, and scope of moral things ;  
 Feeble in moral, earthly cognizance :  
 Striving for Better, even Earthly clings !  
 Daily, Hosts speed for fresh recognizance,—  
 Finding pre-occupying chains and stakes ;  
 And turn despondent, back, of their insuffisance.  
 But who had listened, loves to listen, wakes  
 In this dilemma : silently had conned  
 The matter in his thoughts ; the stand he takes  
 In that august assembly, now,—to fond  
 To utmost depths of the angelic probings.  
 “Nought, seems, the case admits, dear friends, beyond

A pure example ; of pure light dis-robings :  
     The Man, by his own act, must stand, or fall ;  
     Await ; digest, if may, his heedless gobings.  
 Such his tenor of Existence ; his call  
     To Life on such conditions : Futile,—worse  
     Than futile, else. Oh ! vividly recal ;  
 Man ushered on the stage is to rehearse  
     A noble part ; Freedom to dignify ;  
     Its vagaries eliminate, disperse ;  
 A noble strength attain, that may defy  
     Thenceforth Temptation ! Nought—may interfere  
     With Freedom, or its Errings justify,  
 That strength unformed—devising now, is clear.  
     Their light renewed might be ; example shown  
     Were of avail ; nought else, I see appear.  
 Such pure example, whence proceed, I own ;  
     Pure light, how practicable it renewing ;  
     Baffle, would, comprehension ;—save it shone  
 From Heaven. Such Passion, then, may be imbuing ? ”

## CANTO XLVI.

The Reader exhorted.—Ultimate conclusion of the Angelic Counsellings,  
 —that they must remain for the time Ignorant.—The Reader propitiated.  
 —The Church briefly invoked.

Thou, Reader, Patience hast to thread these Pages ?  
     They were writ down, in leisure time, by snatches ;  
     Thou will find Truth ; or soothing, or enrages ;  
 Truth, on such kindling theme,—none with it matches ;  
     Truth, that concerns the ultimate uprising ;  
     Truth of where lie, may, ultimating laches.

Some look thou mayest find of subtilising,  
     From base acknowledged into fittest crowning :  
     Not often begging tho, as well, premising.  
 For superstructure, court we candid frowning ;  
     Showing just wherefore, that we understand.  
     Stretch not the artificial, for the drowning !  
 Forsake not Reason,—wander not from Land  
     While construing Revealed,—to System suiting ;  
     Outlayed, empirically, beforehand.  
 Profound attention, that exposing fruiting,  
     When suddenly that Spirit stopped ; as choked  
     With the emotions thronged him, while computing  
 Swiftly, inwardly : or expression yoked,  
     And absolutely hindered from proceeding.  
     Yet strange it were not, if all farther cloaked  
 From his clear comprehension,—nor their greeding  
     Sated. Now, a dead Pause ; each one attending,—  
     With a beseeching look betrays their needing  
 Farther development, and comprehending.  
     At length one rises ; looking all most reverent ;  
     And Faith illuminated aspect lending.  
 “ Sweet friends ; this silence shows, it were irrelevant  
     To pry yet more into the deeper meaning  
     Of the forthcoming Purpose ; and each element  
 Composing it. To regenerate, its leaning,  
     In some form, our younger Brethren,—plain.  
     Rather, consideration tend should, weaning  
 Us from search of it ; that it lies, remain  
     Must too, beyond our scope of comprehension ;  
     Save as our late discoursings may explain.

The form, and ornings, will give it extension  
 When forth issuing, lying in His Grace  
 Who purposes, in purest condescension ;  
 Utmost yields Moral, all is,—we may trace.”  
 Their cheerful acquiescence yields assent  
 To view so reasonable. Then each Face,  
 Behold, looks calm ; and hopeful of event.  
 Might we depict them ; bid them each, adieu ; [spent !  
 Might we meet with them there,—when Earth’s life  
 Shall we, before, wend thither ; bring to view,  
 Again, that Host of Empyrean Beings ?  
 This may depend on circumstance, on you,  
 Dear Earthly Friends ; and your own kind agreeings.  
 Conscious of imperfections, little claim,—  
 We are ; seeking, we are ; still seek full freeings  
 From them. Promise—we may not ; count on Fame,  
 We cannot : But, have sought to place before  
 Ye, field ennobling,—destiny inflame  
 Ye, should, to high Emprise,—retrieving yore :  
 On fanciful Foundation not, but true ;  
 In Holy Revelation lies its Lore :  
 With Human Nature, in accordance due.  
 Yea, we assert this ; and our Thought is good  
 As others’ thought ; nay, gives far better hue :  
 Yea, opes the way—how all be understood !  
 The Christian Faith is true ; of Truth a Part ;  
 Just that might help Man wrench from him the Hood  
 Iniquity will blind with,—sear the Heart.  
 To seek the Rest, and on it make incursion,  
 All are invited ; many make the start !



Thus do we justify ; to stay Perversion.

The Truth, the Scriptures, and the Christian Faith,  
Our several, joint Estate are—in Reversion.

Fritter none may it ; may enrich, i' Faith ;

That is, learn their Truth, and to which they point :

Thus, not all comprehending no one saith ;

Our Comprehension, better we appoint.

Nor with the Scriptures ought in contradiction ;

Fall to the Ground it would then, root and joint.

Nor, save the natural, indulge in Fiction :

Nay, not at all ; but, may be, imperfection :

And thus more natural, is our conviction.

Oh ! will ye ay continue in defection ?

Ye world of Human-kind ! I pray, arrest !

Pause ye ; and take a loftiest refection.

Sons of the Highest are ye ; thus confest

With all your Sins ; and every shade, complexion ;

Such seen, when treating that still lies in Breast,—

Waits, till forth-come approving interjection.

If so ye will it stay,—so let it be ;

Cherish we will it,—in our sweet reflection.

But I pray ye, oh ! I pray ye, flee ; flee

From Erring,—joys mars here ; yet more hereafter.

Joys passing here are ; mingle sorrow, glee ;

Oft, Bitterness Hysteric is your laughter :

Death of the Living is terrific Lover !—

For his Pale Legions, Death—a Tyrant Draughter !

Dawned hath the Day ; but dark clouds many hover

Above us, flinging their dark shadows round ;

Starting from Earth first, from waste places cover :



Opinions, and Distractedness abound.

Lengthen thy stakes ; thy Boundary enlarge ;

Co-eval make with anguish of the wound ;

Cease vain Anathemas to forge, discharge ;

Oh Sion ! one—broad Principle proclaim :

Freedom that men have, well acquit the charge ;

Without,—for traversing the Heavens,—Halt and Lame !



## COROLLARY.

THE Problems of, how Evil exists, in fact, under a Benevolent Dispensation ; and why Evil, abstractly, exists at all ; are resolved. The Existence of Evil, not only cannot be charged upon God ; but, once a Being endowed like Man, He cannot prevent its existence : nor may He summarily arrest its continuance,—but with annihilation of his Creature.



## E R R A T A .

Page 6, line last,	"form"	should be	"forms"
36, "	16,	of	" " or
	24,	march	" " mark
37,	9,	sometimes	" sometime
38,	16,	somewhat in	" in somewhat like
42,	22,	fict	should be fiat
43,	21,	dress	" " dregs
48,	4,	some	" " same
55,	11,	we	" " me
56,	7,	savour	" " savours
	16,	moon	" " morn
57,	1,	many	" " may
58,	29,	them	" " it
61,	7,	dead	" " dread
64,	17,	blying	" " flying
66,	5,	would	" " world
67,	2,	rouchant	" " crouchant
81,	25,	insert "it was"	after wickedness
105,	24,	"scraggly"	should be "scraggy"
113,	7,	points	" prints
	26,	proceeds to	" will,
121,	16,	B	" b
126,	2,	,	" .
136,	12,	alway	" ay
138,	7,	the	" their
141,	13,	"It" (first word)	" If
149,	10,	sold,	should be Sold
	18,	development	" developement
	21,	, (at end)	" .
150,	27,	(at end)	" .
154,	23,	ipse. dixit	" ipse-dixit
157,	13,	same	" some
159,	21,	seedings	" seedlings
160,	20,	reception	" Reception
161,	4,	written	" writen.











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